

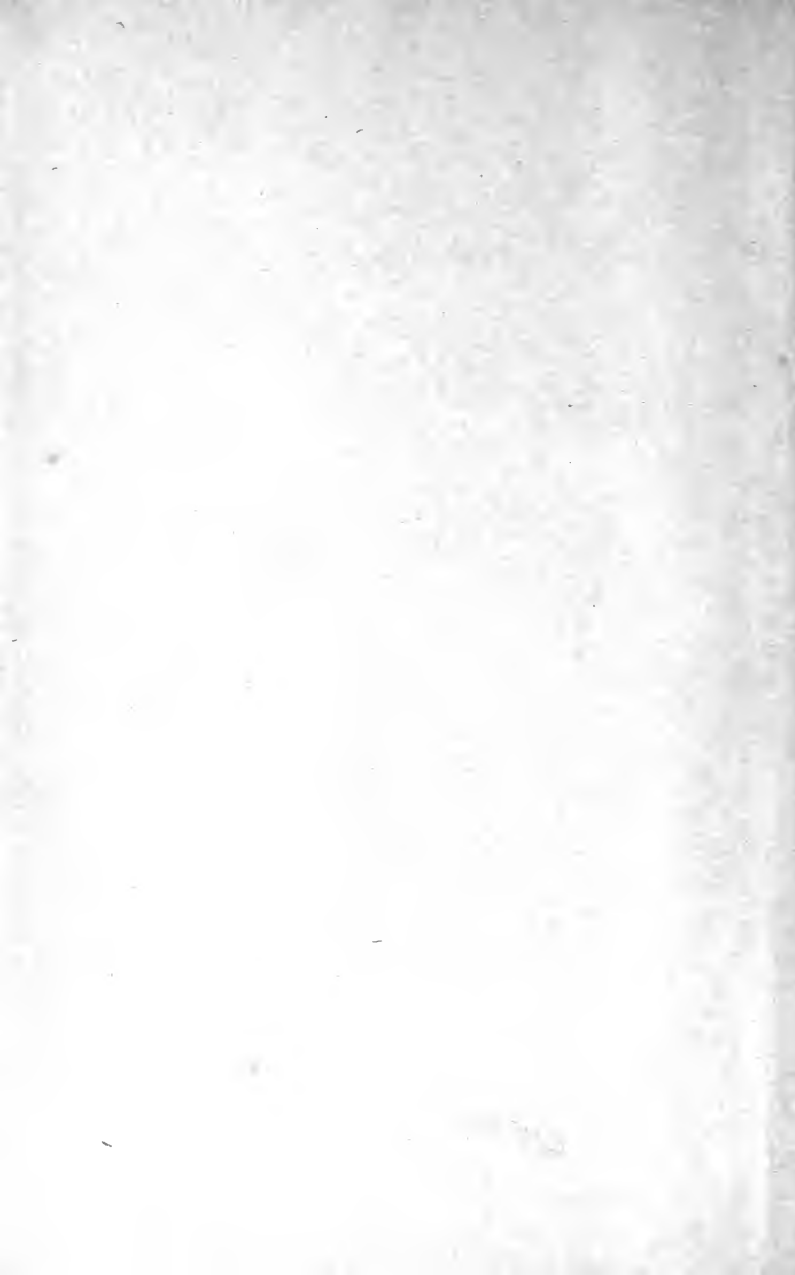






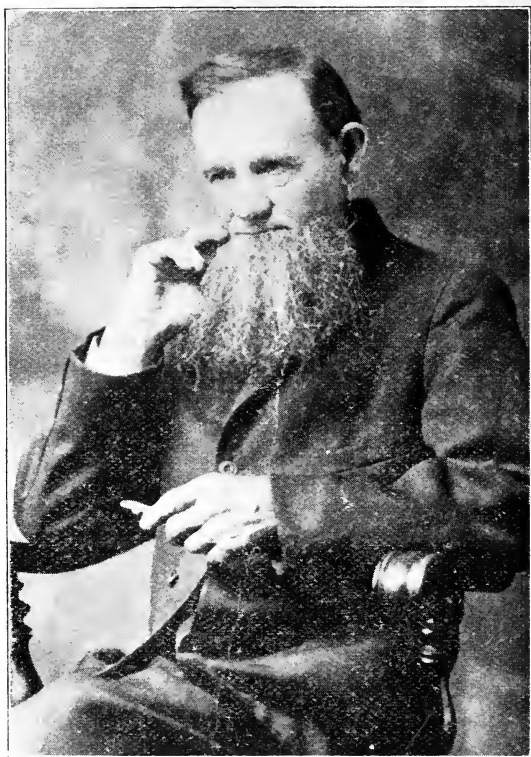


**Poetical Meditations and Thoughtful Paragraphs**









*Yours for whatsoever  
is Good and True  
and Lovely, S. P. Yoder.*

# Poetical Meditations

and

# Thoughtful Paragraphs

By Simon P. Yoder



Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.—Psalm 19:14.



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By S. P. Yoder.

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**To the Rising Generation,**

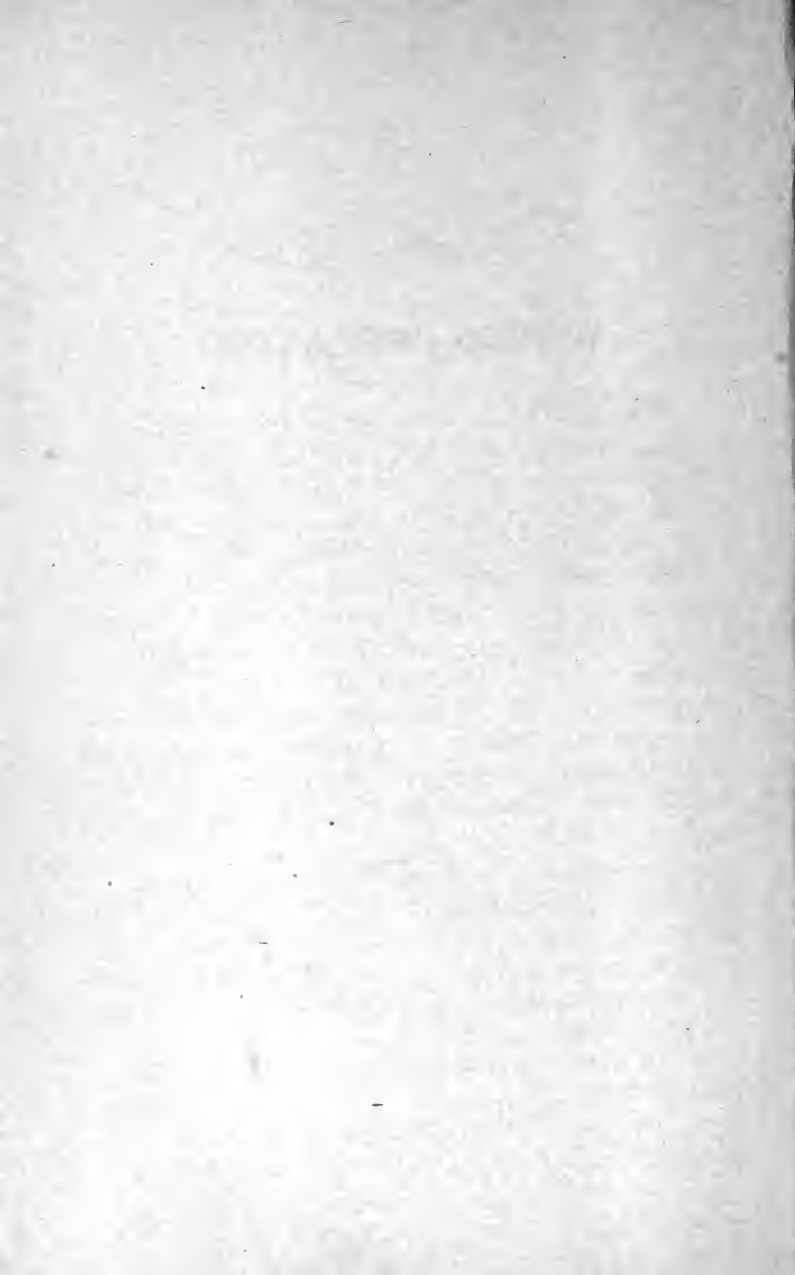
Our bright-minded and warm-hearted

Boys and Girls

The Hope of the Church and Nation,

**This Book is Hopefully Dedicated**

By the Author



## WORDS PREFATORY

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About three thousand years ago a wise man, who himself wrote books, said "Of the making of many books there is no end." What the indulgent reader finds in this little book was however not written for the purpose of "making a book." Some of these poems were composed nearly half a century ago; others were written in recent years.

In old age man is inclined to take a retrospective view. In looking over the past of his checkered life the author finds many of life's experiences and lessons as they came to him from time to time, portrayed in his "Poetical Meditations," which are now for the first time gathered together.

The varied experiences that come to us all in this life leave impressions either for good or evil according as our attitude may be towards Him who holds our destiny in His hands and overrules all the events and circumstances we meet for good to those who love Him.

The author gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to his friend and Christian brother, J. A. Ressler, editor of the **Words of Cheer**, for his editorial work on the manuscript of this book, and

for the benefit of his judgment in undecided and questionable points.

While the writer does not claim any special poetical merit for his verses, he trusts that they may be the means of directing the thoughtful reader's attention to some homely, old-fashioned truths dressed in language easy to be understood and remembered.

SIMON P. YODER.

Denbigh, Va., Sept. 20, 1916.



## SYNOPSIS OF THE AUTHOR'S BIOGRAPHY

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By His Daughter.

Simon P. Yoder was born on a farm in the Tuscarora Valley, Juniata County, Pennsylvania, August 6, 1847. His parents, Jacob Yoder\* and Anna Yoder† were both direct descendants of that sturdy Mennonite stock who emigrated to this land of religious liberty from Switzerland, Europe, early in the eighteenth century to escape military service, which they conscientiously believed to be contrary to the teachings of the New Testament.

In 1854 he moved with his parents to Mahoning County, Ohio, and nine years later (1863) from there to Barker Street, St. Joseph County, Michigan.

His advantages for obtaining an education in the district schools of his time could not advance him beyond the three "Rs," "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic." Being a great reader from his boyhood, he passed much of his time while in the school of affliction as a "shut-in" invalid, in studying the Bible and other good books. It was at this

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\*His mother's maiden name was King.

†Her mother's maiden name was Hertzler.

## 12 SYNOPSIS OF THE AUTHOR'S BIOGRAPHY

time, from 1872 to 1875, that his meditations first found expression in verse.

Having partly regained his health he followed the commercial job printing business for several years, doing business mostly through the mails.

In 1880 he was united in marriage with Mary Metzler of Mahoning County, Ohio.

In 1883 they moved to that County on an eleven acre farm near East Lewistown, where he made a specialty of bees and pure-bred poultry. In 1902 he removed with his family, consisting of his wife and five children, to Warwick County, Virginia, where he resides at the time of this writing.

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PART I  
**POETICAL MEDITATIONS**

# RELIGIOUS

## THE BIBLE

---

'Mong all the books this world contains  
The Bible stands alone;  
For here authority Divine  
On every page is shown.  
The value of this wondrous Book  
No one can estimate;  
Without it all mankind would lapse  
Into the savage state.

A fount of knowledge and of truth,  
Which none can e'er exhaust;  
A mine of pure, God-given wealth,  
Yet offered without cost.  
And all who search its pages well  
Great golden truths may see;  
And all who will may draw therefrom  
Life-giving waters free.

The organ of God's kingdom here,  
Its words make all things new  
To those who love its precious truths  
And live its precepts too.

For by its glorious light we see  
Where wisdom would begin  
There first must be removed the vile  
And loathsome seeds of sin.

It is the student's Book of books;  
In its exhaustless store  
He finds the best of histories,  
And deepest ancient lore.  
Biographies and prophecies  
His admiration claim;  
Though varied they may be in style,  
In spirit still the same.

A Book of wisest laws and rules,  
A Book of sermons rare;  
A Book of proverbs and of psalms,  
Of praises and of prayer:  
The modern writer draws therefrom  
His poetry and prose,  
And all his works of merit true  
Its principles disclose.

Dictated by Omnipotence,  
To show redemption's plan,  
The Bible is a priceless gift  
Of love from God to man:  
It warns, instructs and kindly pleads  
To lift our fallen race;  
Then shows the meek, repentant soul  
How he is saved by Grace.

It is the Christian's traveling guide,  
On which is marked the way  
That leads him to his home above  
Where reigns eternal day.  
The faithful by its teachings find  
The city of their King,  
Where joys supernal never cease  
And glad hosannas ring.

It is the banner of reform  
Which rouses men of soul  
To fight 'gainst Satan's sway where'er  
The human tide may roll:—  
To teach their fellowmen to live  
A purer, nobler life,  
Above the vain and fickle ways  
Of ignorance and strife.

The treasures of this blessed Book  
Are found by those who read  
Its pages as the Word of God,  
Written for their own need:  
In spirit pray to know and do  
Whate'er it may require;  
For such its truths are traced as with  
A pen of living fire.

Its value true consists not in  
Mere words and sentences,  
But in the God-inspired power  
That still behind them lies.

'Tis this that gives immortal life  
 Unto the sacred page  
 And feeds a throng of hungry souls  
 In each succeeding age.

---

### TRUTH AND PEACE

---

The voice of Truth must be allowed  
 To speak in tones of thunder,—  
 Its lightnings pierce old Error's cloud  
 And break its folds asunder.  
 Ere gentle Peace in whispers mild  
 Will speak its welcome greetings,  
 And by its presence, pure and sweet,  
 Subdue the heart's wild beatings.

The sword of all-prevailing Truth  
 Must slay dark superstition;  
 Dispel the doubts that would enslave  
 And blind man's moral vision,  
 Ere white-robed Peace can comfort bring  
 To calm the waves of sorrow,  
 And by its radiant light proclaim  
 A fairer, brighter morrow.

The Word of Truth must rule instead  
 Of man-made, vain tradition;—  
 Eternal verities displace  
 Mere human supposition,  
 Ere Hope can have foundation sure  
 To build for future ages,



And Peace abide, serene and pure,  
While life's brief conflict rages.

The fire of God's eternal Truth  
Must flash from Sinai's mountain  
Until the trembling sinner flees  
To Mercy's open fountain.—  
To Christ, whose righteousness alone  
Averts the wrath of heaven;  
For through the merits of His blood  
Is Peace and pardon given.

The Spirit of eternal Truth  
Must guide the pilgrim weary,  
That he may walk and stumble not  
Along life's pathway dreary.  
Then perfect Peace descends to bless  
His soul with heavenly treasures,  
And by its warm, life-giving rays  
Affords celestial pleasures.

---

### SALVATION

---

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and  
thou shalt be saved.—Acts 16:31.  
Long I wandered, lone and weary,  
Seeking for the better way;  
Egypt's gloom and darkness dreary  
Hiding still the light of day.  
Sinai's peaks, obscuring heaven,  
Issued forth Law's thunder peal,

While on earth no balm was given  
My despairing soul to heal.

Oft I sought in deepest anguish  
To perceive the path of right,—  
Still my soul was doomed to languish  
For the want of heaven's light.  
Though I strove with firm endeavor  
Written precepts to obey,  
Vile confusions reigned and ever  
Darker grew my weary way.

Broken down with imperfections,  
Having naught but husks to eat,  
And mistrusting men's directions,  
Now I fell at Jesus' feet;  
Soon the threatening clouds were riven,  
And I heard my Savior say,  
"Thou shalt be an heir of heaven,  
I have washed thy sins away!"

O the bliss of free salvation  
Never human tongue can tell!  
Not by works of high laudation  
Are we freed from fears of hell:  
'Tis the priceless gift of heaven,  
Which by grace—when we believe,  
And our sins are all forgiven,  
Without merit we receive.

Saved from sin, how can I tender  
Praises meet my love to prove  
Heart and soul I now surrender  
In the arms of Sovereign Love.  
Though my ransomed soul can never  
Duly praise my Savior's name,  
By His help my life shall ever  
Free salvation's way proclaim.

Many souls in darkness slumber  
Wrapped in cold and gravelike shrouds;  
False professors without number  
Blind the way with formal clouds,  
But a brighter, purer morrow  
Slowly dawns with cheering ray;  
This alone can banish sorrow;  
"Jesus washed my sins away."

God be praised for a salvation  
That supplieth all our needs;  
Not attained through rank or station,  
Neither bought by hollow deeds.  
Jesus grants a clear permission,  
All may have salvation free  
On Love's only safe condition:  
Heed His words,—“Believe on Me.”

Praise and gratitude shall ever  
So my heart to action move  
While I live, that naught can sever  
That which God hath sealed in love.

Holy Spirit guide me daily  
 That my life, my words and pen  
 May proclaim how full salvation  
 Bringeth joy to sinful men.

---

### FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

---

The fool hath said in his heart, There is  
 no God.—Ps. 14:1.

In time of plenty and of peace,  
 When friends abound and every plan  
 For worldly gain seems to increase  
 The joys of man:

Seeing but nature's smiling face,—  
 All things existing as they should,  
 Man soon forgets the throne of grace—  
 The Source of good.

Frail being, now he lifts his head,  
 And on his own vain strength relies;  
 By wisdom he will not be led,  
 But truth denies!

With haughty look and lofty brow,  
 His self-sufficiency he claims;  
 Feeling no need of help he now  
 In pride exclaims,

“There is no higher power than mine;  
 Why should I fear a chast'ning rod?”

Man is himself the all-divine—  
There is no God!"

Misguided one, where standest thou?  
By whom were all thy blessings given?  
Look up and see the heavens now—  
By thunders riven—

Declare thy guilty soul to be  
Doomed to affliction, shame and grief,  
'Till thou in thy distress canst see  
Thine unbelief!

Prosperity now hides her face;  
Grim want disperses pleasing wealth;  
Loathsome disease next takes the place  
Of blooming health.

False summer friends in scorn depart;  
Vile slander shows its forked tongue;—  
Who can console his bleeding heart,  
By conscience stung?

His fondest hopes lie blasted all;  
Frustrated are his dearest aims;  
Deadly remose, bitter as gall,  
His life-blood claims!

Despair consumes his vitals quite;  
And fear corrodes his heart of stone;

He gropes his way in darkest night,  
Alone, alone!

No one to love, no one to trust;  
No helping hand, no word of cheer,  
He feels himself as naught but dust,—  
Will heaven hear?

Ah, awful fate, "There is no God!"  
Yet now he knows the need of one,—  
Hold—shall he "kiss the chastening rod"—  
Bid doubts begone?

Angels attend, the sinner seeks  
Salvation for his sinsick soul  
The Savior in compassion speaks,  
"Be thou made whole."

Rejoice, O pardoned one, rejoice,  
See! heavenly rays dispel the night,  
As through the gloom there breaks a Voice,  
"Let there be light!"

Celestial streams of mercy roll  
Across the meek repentant breast;  
Peace like a river fills the soul,  
And Love brings rest.

Behold the change—he calmly bides  
His time in peace, for well he knows,

Whatever evil now betides,  
God heals his woes.

The new-born soul in meekness aims  
To spread the tidings all abroad,  
And by a holy life proclaims,  
"There is a God!"

---

### BELONGING TO JESUS

---

If we've found salvation  
Let the truth be known;  
We belong to Jesus,  
And are not our own.  
Burdened one in sorrow,  
Asking what to do,  
Know you not that Jesus  
Gave Himself for you?

Would you know the secret  
Of sweet hope and joy,  
And be freed from burdens  
That your soul annoy?  
Give yourself to Jesus,  
To the Lord most just,  
In His tender mercy  
He'll accept the trust;

Then, though grief and sorrow  
In their darkest form

Threaten to envelop,  
 In their gloom and storm,  
 All the joy and brightness  
 Of your daily life,  
 You can rest securely,  
 Freed from inward strife,

In the arms of Jesus  
 As the Shepherd true  
 Who in loving kindness  
 Ever cares for you;  
 And your soul in gladness  
 Will repeat His praise,—  
 Joining in this chorus  
 All your future days:

I belong to Jesus,  
 He belongs to me,  
 Precious life eternal  
 Now by faith I see.  
 Yes, my Savior daily  
 All my wants supplies,  
 And my future safely  
 In His keeping lies.

---

### INVITATION

---

Many blossoms full of promise  
 Have been blighted with the cold;  
 There are also lambs who've perished,  
 'Cause they've wandered from the fold.



But a shelter is provided—  
Trust in Jesus' love and care;  
'Neath his sheltering wings take refuge  
Calm, sweet peace, and rest are there.

Come, O sinner, leave your idols!  
Stray no farther from the fold;  
For the world is full of danger,  
And its frowns are bitter cold.  
Trust in him who yearns to shelter  
All the helpless here below;  
He will lead you through green pastures,  
Where the living waters flow.

Jesus came to save his people  
From all sin and from all woe;  
Though our sky be sometimes clouded,  
Still it cannot long be so;  
For our Lord we know is mighty;  
All who trust in His high name,  
They shall never be forsaken—  
Never come to grief and shame.

Ye who follow worldly pathways,  
Come, no longer now delay;  
Trust not in your worldly wisdom,  
Jesus is the only way.  
"Empty forms," they have no virtue:  
**Let the Savior have thine heart!**  
By so doing, then like Mary,  
You have chosen that "good part."

### A SOUL IN DANGER

---

Before me lies a written sheet,  
 A letter neatly penned;  
 What is the message it conveys  
 From my far-distant friend?  
 A painful one, hard to relate,—  
 You cannot guess, I know,  
 What news this silent missive brings  
 That grieves and pains me so.

You ask, "Has sickness made your friend  
 A victim of its power?  
 Or has the dreaded monster Death  
 Struck down some lovely flower?"  
 No; none of these, more dreadful far  
 The state in which I find  
 My young and gifted friend is placed,  
 For, **poisoned is his mind!**

The noble gifts his Maker gave  
 He uses to disprove  
 The truth of God's inspired Word,  
 And Christ's great work of love:—  
 To show that God Himself's a myth—  
 His word a fable too,—  
 All Christians a deluded set,  
 While **he's** sincere and true!

O God of love, have mercy now  
 On this misguided youth!

What answer shall I send to him  
That he may see the truth?  
Thy name is stamped on all thy works,  
Yet hidden from his sight;  
O quickly then, to this poor soul,  
Dear Lord, reveal the light!

---

### LIFE

---

Life, human life,—what mysteries  
The life of man enfolds;—  
What god-like possibilities  
The humblest life-germ holds!

Yea, who can rightly comprehend  
And solve life's problems great:  
Life's origin—foretell its end—  
Its value estimate?

In boyhood's days, when first I sought  
Deep things to comprehend,  
I wept sad tears because I thought  
That life in death must end.

Existence cease and every spark  
Of life be swept away:  
Annihilation deep and dark  
Hold universal sway!

Existence cease, and death in black  
Oblivion reign supreme?  
I shudder as the thought rolls back  
Like some soul-haunting dream!

Existence cease? Ah no! the breath  
Of life remains for aye  
A never-dying soul, and death  
Must seek a weaker prey.

God gave His Son that man might **have**  
Life more abundantly;—  
To quicken into growth and save  
The soul from sin set free.

Hence it is not "by bread alone,"  
Or food that doth sustain  
The outer man—mere flesh and **bone**  
That we our lives maintain.

God's Holy Spirit and His Word,  
That bread from heav'n above,  
Sustains the children of the Lord  
In life, and peace, and love.

Then why corrode our minds with **cares,**  
And labor all our days  
For this poor dying world's affairs,  
And its delusive ways?

So let us here life's mission fill,—  
 Our talents all employ  
 In sweet accordance with God's will,—  
 His service make our joy.

Death's hideousness then quickly dies,  
 For love will banish fear:—  
 We sink in death that we may rise  
 Into a higher sphere.

---

### PREPARE TO LIVE

---

For I have no pleasure in the death of  
 him that dieth, saith the Lord God;  
 wherefore turn yourselves and live ye.—  
 Ezek. 18:32.

Prepare to live! all earthly things  
 Must surely pass away;  
 All that the world now holds so dear  
 Is doomed to swift decay;  
 And only that which God restores  
 To Eden's holy state  
 Can live for aye in peace and joy  
 Beyond the heav'nly gate.

Surely the Lord no pleasure has  
 That wicked men should be  
 Left to receive the just reward  
 Of their iniquity;  
 But loudly calls to every one,—  
 O sinner why despise

The day of grace—why will ye die  
The death that never dies?

The wages of your sin is death,  
But O, you may receive  
The gift of God—eternal life,  
If you will but believe  
The word of God and pardon seek  
While pardon may be found;  
While Jesus for you intercedes,  
And mercy doth abound.

Why will you die? O sinner turn  
While yet 'tis called today,  
That you may live when earthly scenes  
Forever pass away.  
Why follow Satan's leadings here  
Until your closing breath  
To share with him the burning lake,  
Which is the second death?

Prepare to live that life beyond  
All earthly pain and fear.  
By true repentance, followed by  
A holy life while here:  
For only that which God restores  
To Eden's holy state  
Can live for aye in peace and joy  
Beyond the heav'nly gate.

## CHRISTIAN LIVING

---

Romans 12:9-21.

Let love without hypocrisy  
Be seen and understood,  
Abhor the things that evil be—  
Hold fast to all that's good.

Fraternal love each Christian soul  
Would e'er do well to seek;  
Thy brother's honor then prefer,  
And show a spirit meek.

Not slothful be, but earnestly  
Thy gracious Master serve:  
Rejoice in hope, and patient be—  
Through trials never swerve.

Cease not to pray for help Divine,  
Then freely, kindly share  
Thy blessings with the brethren poor,—  
And strangers need thy care.

When persecuted bless thy foes,—  
No thoughts of cursing keep.  
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,  
And weep with them that weep.

Be of one mind, and shun all vain  
Conceits of wisdom great.

Mind not things high, but condescend  
To men of low estate.

To no man evil recompense  
Whatever he may do;  
Provide things honest in the sight  
Of all where'er you go.

If possible, O seek to be  
So filled with love refined,  
That you may now and ever live  
In peace with all mankind.

Do not avenge yourselves, beloved,  
But unto wrath give way;  
For vengeance truly is the Lord's,—  
He saith, "I will repay."

Give food unto thine enemy,  
And drink when he hath need;  
For by such acts he may perceive  
That thou art Christ's indeed.

Be not of evil overcome,  
But overcome with good  
The evil that opposeth thee,  
As every Christian should.

Aug., 1874.



## LIFE'S WARFARE

With the dawning of existence,  
In this world of ceaseless strife,  
Comes the need of stern resistance  
To the things that menace life.  
Life and death here strive together  
From the cradle to the tomb;  
And the conflict rages ever  
Wheresoe'er our feet may roam.

Deadly microbes live and flourish  
In the water and the air;  
And the things our bodies nourish  
Also germs of sickness bear.  
Insects threaten devastation  
Unto choicest plants and trees;  
Every form of vegetation  
Has its mortal enemies.

Where the finest wheat is planted,  
Or the fairest flowers bloom,  
There likewise to tares is granted  
Ample germinating room.  
Not enough a careful seeding,  
Then with folded hands to stop;  
There must be a strenuous weeding,  
Else a failure in the crop.

There's no progress without action,—  
Growth retarded means decay;

All expansion meets contraction  
Darkness stands opposed to day.  
If, to better man's condition,  
Heaven's call you would obey,  
Prejudice and superstition  
Rise at once to block the way.

Where the germs of truth eternal  
Find a lodgment in the heart,  
There are present fiends infernal  
To pervert the better part.  
Would you fit your soul for heaven,  
There in perfect peace to dwell?  
Then beware lest Error's leaven,  
Germs impart that fit for hell.

Courage, brother, Good and Evil  
Find on earth their battle ground;  
Christ is stronger than the devil,  
And through Him is vict'ry found.  
His true soldiers shall have power,  
Marching 'neath His banner bright;  
Strength for every place and hour,  
In the battle for the right.

Wrong may triumph for a season,  
All our efforts seem in vain;  
Though the earth be filled with treason,  
Truth crushed down will rise again.  
And the final charge of heaven  
Satan's hosts will all subdue;

Then the victor's crown is given  
To the faithful and the true.

1913.

---

### ETERNAL LIFE

---

The changing scenes of life on earth  
Remind us day by day,  
How all that now our eyes behold  
Must surely pass away.  
What we perceive by human sense  
Of high or low degree,  
When marked by Time's relentless touch,  
Obeys this stern decree.

The stoutest oak upon the hill,  
Frail flow'rs of fairest bloom,  
All living creatures, great and small,  
Bow to the self-same doom.  
They flourish for a season, but  
To perish and decay;  
Though others rise to take their place,  
They, too, must pass away.

And what is man? Though he presides  
As monarch, lord, and king,  
That he may lower forms of life  
To his subjection bring.  
Clothed with mortality, his life  
A vapor for a day;

He breathes, he acts, he dies, and then  
He, too, must pass away.

Are all things transitory then?  
The grave the only goal?  
No power above frail, mortal man  
His dest'ny to control?  
If such the case 'twere better far  
To be a brute and die  
Without a thought of nobler things,  
Or aspirations high.

The Source of life forever lives,  
Here Death's dominion ends.  
From man, the image of that Source,  
A longing e'er ascends  
For love and peace and purity,—  
Freed from earth's sin and strife  
To walk in harmony with God,  
Which is eternal life.

But how can feeble, sin-cursed man  
This blessed state attain?  
Alone through Christ, the sinless One,  
Who for man's sin was slain.  
Sin's penalty He paid in full,  
Now prays, "Father forgive—"  
Thus reconciling us to God,—  
He died that we might live.

Christ died? Our Lord, the Prince of life,  
He buried in the tomb?  
He rose again, dispelling thus  
Corruption's dreadful gloom.  
To all the world, Oh quickly now  
The wond'rous story tell;  
How Christ arose to live and reign,  
Victor o'er Death and Hell.

O blessed hope! Immortal truth!  
Because our Savior lives,  
To those whose lives are hid with Him,  
Eternal life He gives.  
The soul, of origin divine,  
Freed from this mortal clay,  
Shall live with Him eternally  
In brightest realms of day.

---

### LIFE'S MYSTERIES

---

Men in their wisdom long have sought  
To know the primal source of things;  
By scientific rules explain  
Life's origin—from whence it springs:  
To analyze and demonstrate  
Life's mysteries, and thereby prove  
Man's power and self-sufficiency  
Without assistance from above.

Yea, by their worldly wisdom great  
They've found that God-created man

Is but a well-developed ape,  
Whose ancestry (they say) began  
A million centuries before  
The Bible writers wrote the tale,  
That we in ignorance esteem  
As truth divine that cannot fail.

Thus evolutionists evolve  
A theory that places man  
Among the beasts that have no need  
Of knowing revelation's plan.  
And being competent to know  
The secret true, from whence we came,  
Why have a Book ("quite out of date")  
To tell us of a higher Name?

And yet, in tracing to their source  
E'en common things we daily see—  
The luscious fruit, the blossom sweet,  
The bud and then the growing tree—  
We fail to find within the soil  
That feeds the root, how life began,  
Or whence the power that causes growth,  
Or who devised the wond'rous plan.

'Tis plain some self-existing Power,  
Some wise Designer did design  
That things should be just as they are;  
Hence mortal man cannot define

The hidden mysteries of life,  
 Or by profoundest learning show  
 When stars above began their course,  
 Or how earth-life first learned to grow.

When men of highest culture spurn  
 God's Holy Word, from heav'n revealed,  
 They cast themselves adrift upon  
 A sea of doubt, where faith must yield  
 To waves of vague uncertainty,  
 'Neath clouds of dark and hopeless gloom,  
 Where life with all its mysteries  
 Is swept into a Christless tomb.

The worldly wise may scoff and sneer,  
 God's blessed Bible firmly stands,  
 Proclaiming still salvation's way,  
 Good for all ages and all lands.  
 Life's mysteries we'll leave with Him,  
 Who holds our every life and breath;  
 We'll trust and serve Him while we live,  
 Nor fear the change that men call death.

---

### GOD BLESS THE TRUE LIFE!

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For Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous.  
 —Psalm 5:12.

God bless the heart that's filled with love—  
 Unselfish love from heaven's store;  
 That's gentle as the harmless dove,  
 God bless and keep it evermore!

God bless the tongue that speaks no ill,  
To wound a single fellow-man;  
Speaks only truth in sweet, good will,  
And cheering words where'er it can.

God bless the lips that never mould  
Sarcastic words through hate expressed;  
That ne'er repeat a slander told,  
Or frame a sinful, thoughtless jest.

God bless the eye that's quick to see  
The good where'er it may abide,  
Yet drops a tear of sympathy  
For suffering ones by evils tried.

God bless the face that daily wears  
A smile that's born of faith and love;  
On which no angry scowl appears,  
When basest wrong its owner prove.

God bless the hands that never shirk  
A needful task that they can do,  
By friendly aid and Christian work,  
Sweet comforts spread where'er they go.

God bless the feet that nobly shun  
The pathways that to sin allure,  
"Walk in the light," and quickly run  
At mercy's bid to aid the poor.



Ah! blest indeed that soul must be  
In whom these things are all combined!  
The good and bad, all love to see  
A Christian life, true and refined.

Pure, holy thoughts produce no frowns,  
Kind words will live forevermore,  
Kind hearts are more than golden crowns,  
And simple faith than deepest lore.

And where these noble virtues bloom,  
Which I in feeble rhymes have dressed,  
Thou'lt find a child of God in whom  
Eternal joys and blessings rest.

---

### LIFE'S BEAUTIFIER

---

(Love.)

Christian graces leave their traces  
On the deeds we do;  
Skies grow brighter, burdens lighter  
When our hearts art true.

Hearts grow weary; things look dreary;  
Songs are turned to whines;  
Irk some duty mars life's beauty  
Where no love-light shines.

Love and duty, strength and beauty,  
Joining heart and hand,

Labors lighten, prospects brighten  
Over sea and land.

Self denials in Life's trials  
Last but for a day;  
Heaping measures of Love's treasures  
Follow soon to stay.

As the showers freshen flowers  
In the heat of day,  
Kindness given makes a heaven  
All along the way.

Light keeps shining where no whining  
Spreads its pall of night;  
Life is sweetest and completest  
**When the heart is right.**

---

### GOD KNOWS US AS WE ARE

---

Our highest aspirations  
And strivings for the right  
Are known alone in Heaven,  
In God's eternal light.  
We cannot give expression  
For human eyes and ears  
To things our hearts hold sacred—  
God only sees and hears.

Our purest, best intentions  
Are hid from human eyes:

Unable to accomplish  
The good we highly prize.  
Men pass unrighteous judgment  
Because they fail to see  
Beneath works superficial  
The spirit's victory.

Good works alone can never  
A place in heaven gain,  
But hearts with heavenly longings  
Need never long in vain.  
God looks upon the motive  
That prompts our every deed,  
Our weak and faulty actions  
The world alone can read.

To bear each other's burdens,  
The law of Christ fulfil,  
Means more than duty-doing—  
It means the inward will.  
To have the mind of Jesus,—  
Moved by His Spirit true,  
Reflects the smile of heaven  
On humblest deeds we do.

Words may be loudly spoken  
That mean not what they say;  
A look, when lips are silent,  
Love's message can convey.  
The heart's unspoken promptings  
Our words and actions prove:

How sweet and grand the lesson—  
The law of Christ is love.

Men know us and remember  
By deeds which we have done  
To gain the praise or censure  
Of mortals 'neath the sun:  
God sees with eyes all-seeing  
All things both near and far;  
He judges righteous judgment,—  
He knows us as we are.

---

### UNION OF BELIEVERS

---

Christ prayed for his followers: "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me," John 17:20, 21.

O, methinks if all those believers,  
Who look upon Christ as their head,  
Were firmly and truly united,  
Even as the Savior has said,

Then Satan, the author of evil,  
Could find little room for a seat;  
But, with his own weakness disgusted,  
He would make a hasty retreat.

Little chance could he have to devour,  
E'en the weakest believing soul

Were believers in love so united—  
All into one beautiful whole.

Forbearance and charity ever  
With sunshine illumine each day;  
Uplifting the weak and the weary,  
E'er pointing to Christ as the Way.

Many members of the same body,  
None be left to struggle alone,—  
In harmony working together  
To build on the Chief corner stone.

God grant that we may have that spirit;  
Which leadeth to harmony here;—  
None seeking his own selfish pleasure,  
But holding all others as dear.

O! then spiritual feasts would be given,  
Such as never this world hath known;  
Since the day when the Spirit from heaven,  
Like as tongues of fire was shown!

But, Brethren; say, are we united,  
Unto Christ our Savior and Lord;  
If among ourselves we're divided  
By envyings, strife and discord?

Nay, nay, for a sign hath been given,  
By Jesus our Lord from above:  
"By this ye'll be known as disciples,  
If ye one another do love."

## CHRISTIAN LOVE AND SYMPATHY

---

“A new commandment I give unto you,  
That ye love one another; as I have  
loved you that ye also love one another.  
By this shall all men know that ye are  
my disciples, if ye have love one to an-  
other.”—John 13:34, 35.

On this subject long I've pondered,  
Through my mind these texts still ring:  
Is the “New Command” I wondered  
But a lifeless, legal thing?  
Through it we see indications  
Of the workings of the soul  
That has changed its inclinations—  
Given all to Christ's control.

Oh that men had always hearkened  
To sweet counsel from above;  
Precious homes would not be darkened  
For the want of Christian love.  
Now kind feelings oft lie dormant,  
Anguish dwells where love should reign;  
And amidst such things discordant  
Hearts are crushed for selfish gain.

Listen then while I am pleading,  
Since in truth it must be said,  
All around us hearts are bleeding  
For the want of friendly aid;—  
In the light by heav'n begotten  
Shall such things forever be?

Have all men then quite forgotten  
Christian love and sympathy?

Some are bound by worldly fashions  
Till they loathe a Christian life;  
Others yield to angry passions,  
And engage in envious strife.  
While 'mongst those who stand professing  
Pious, non-resistant ways,  
Ofttimes see we most distressing  
Symptoms of declining grace.

By what sign shall true believers  
Be distinguished everywhere,  
From pretenders and deceivers?  
By the Christian love they bear  
To each other, said our Savior.  
From this holy love will grow  
Humble, true and right behavior,  
That all men their faith may know.

Fellow man, whate'er thy nation,  
Trustest thou in Jesus' word?  
Hast thou found that great salvation  
Which is given by our Lord?  
Let us pray, my Christian brother,  
For a deeper work of grace,  
That may cleanse us from all error,  
And discordant things efface.

Sympathetic feelings, brother,  
We should cherish day by day;

But if harsh towards each other  
How can we for blessings pray?  
All true hearts have inward longings  
For a higher, nobler life;—  
Why not cease from bitter wrongings,  
Live in love and banish strife?

Henceforth let us aid each other,  
It will make our burdens light  
If we kindly walk together  
In the path of truth and right.  
Since we now confess Christ Jesus  
As our Savior and our guide,  
Let not Satan's wiles deceive us  
Till we yield to hate or pride.

We are called to love each other—  
Oh for faith and love that we  
May our selfish feelings smother  
And increase in sympathy!  
While on earth, Oh may we ever  
Walk together hand in hand;  
Jesus will forsake us never,  
If we heed his "new command."

We are pilgrims bound for heaven  
Where the holy ones abide;—  
Where true happiness is given,  
And no evil can betide:  
And by faith we look to Jesus  
As the only way to God,



For from guilt he did release us  
By the shedding of his blood.

Wherefore then, my Christian brother,  
Should we be estranged so long?  
Can we not stand up together  
In our warfare 'gainst the wrong?  
Let no man-made gods deceive us;  
Hope would all be wretchedness  
If we could not trust in Jesus,  
Who is all our righteousness.

Let us now provoke each other  
Unto love and righteous deeds,  
And assist our weaker brother—  
Thus we'll scatter precious seeds,  
Which perchance may grow and flourish  
In what else were barren land,  
And ourselves and others nourish  
Through the Savior's new command.

This would be a world of beauties  
Like unto the world above,  
If all men would do their duties  
From the motive of true love.  
Peaceful glories, pure and holy,  
Would descend our homes to bless,  
If all men, both high and lowly,  
Were but freed from selfishness.

E'en the peaceful homes in glory—  
Homes of angel hosts above,  
Would be filled with battles gory  
If they were not filled with love.  
God is love, and he abideth  
Only with the pure in heart,  
Where no party strife divideth  
Anxious souls with cruel art.

While we pray the Lord of heaven  
For the thing of highest worth—  
That his kingdom may be given,  
And his will be done on earth,  
Let us not forget, dear brother,  
That pure charity so rare,  
And in love now walk together  
Lest we strive against our prayer.

We should zealous be to labor  
For the good of all mankind;  
By our actions lead our neighbor  
To the fount of love refined:  
By our "walk and conversation"—  
By the fruit the tree is known,  
Hence without dissimulation  
Must true Christian love be shown.

Many wrongs would soon be righted,  
Many errors truth remove,  
Were the hearts of men united  
In the bonds of Christian love.

For the wicked world's salvation  
Let us labor then and pray:—  
May Christ's fold in every nation  
Gain in number day by day.

First I'd say to every **brother**,  
Let **us** do the Master's will;  
And as Christians, **love each other**—  
Thus at once Christ's law fulfill!  
From the throne of grace above us  
Then rich blessings will descend,  
Hosts celestial then will love us,  
And our holy cause defend.

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### RELIGION IN THE HEART

---

Oh were the heart's sweet beauty known  
That lives each day for God alone,  
Then more would rise with me to say—  
Whilst seeking full salvation's way—  
May Christ possess my heart alone,  
And every idol god dethrone!  
Religion in the heart  
Alone can peace impart;  
Then cling to him who deigns to give  
Religion in the heart!

Draw nigh to God, O heart of mine,  
And open wide to love divine.

O heav'nly Guest abide with me;  
 All evils from thy presence flee.  
 This is the power that conquers sin—  
 The hope of glory—Christ within!  
     Religion in the heart  
     Alone can strength impart:  
 All "moral works" are dead without  
     Religion in the heart!

As from the seed the plant doth grow,  
 And from the fount the brooklet flow,  
 So from the power of Christ within  
 A holy life alone can spring.  
 Then let all those who wish for fruit  
 New cherish well this precious root,  
     Religion in the heart;—  
     Let all things else depart:  
 A fleeting show is life without  
     Religion in the heart!

While many seek in outward things  
 The blessing which religion brings;  
 And build their hope on sects and creeds,  
 Or e'en perhaps on their own deeds,  
 I ask but this:—May Christ abide  
 With me, and be my daily guide.  
     Religion in the heart,  
     What joys it doth impart;  
 No blessings can compare with this—  
     Religion in the heart!

OUR THOUGHTS

---

Our thoughts, ah who can count them all?  
Who may reveal their source?  
Their influence, whether good or bad,  
Their past, their future course?

Methinks like hidden springs among  
The rocks and wooded hills,  
Quite noiseless and unnoticed first,  
They form the little rills,

That trickle slowly down the slopes,  
Uniting as they flow,  
Thus forming brooks of impulse which  
Meander to and fro.

And these, the turbid and the clear  
Together borne along,  
Fill up that noisy rushing stream,—  
The stream of action strong.

A little thing yet of life's whole  
Each thought is still a part;  
For as thou thinkest in thy mind  
So in thy life thou art.

The casual thought that seems to fade  
Like dew-drops in the sun,  
An impress leaves upon the mind  
Which ne'er can be undone.

The source, from whence our thoughts arise,  
 Must first be purified,  
 Ere crystal streams of waters sweet  
 Can fill life's flowing tide.

Our Christian warfare endeth not  
 While evil thoughts arise  
 Within our hearts to mar our peace,  
 And sinful acts devise.

The Christian Spirit, pure and true,  
 Must captivate each thought,  
 Then truly we to Christ may be  
 In sweet obedience brought.

---

### ALL FOR OUR GOOD

---

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."  
 —Rom. 8:28.

How strange it oftentimes doth appear,  
 That we who strive to do God's will,  
 With upright heart and conscience clear,  
 Should have such fiery trials still;  
 Yes, daily do we feel our need  
 Of grace to safely overcome  
 Those things that mar the Christian life  
 And drag the sinner to his doom.

And what we in our present state  
 Seek to avoid and greatly dread,

God in his wondrous wisdom great  
Hath sent for good, and if we're led  
By His pure Spirit, walk in love,  
Then naught can harm us here below,  
Since He o'errules all things for good,  
Though now this truth we may not know.

Though cherished hopes may blasted be,  
And failures crush our dearest aims,  
God knoweth what is best, and He  
Would oft remind us of His claims.  
Should sickness come, or sorrow pierce  
The heart o'ercome by want or woe,  
God's purpose is the same in all,  
We'll trust Him now, sometime we'll know.

"All things"—how wonderful, how strange!  
What perfect love God manifests;  
Naught can befall us here to change  
Our heavenly Father's wise behests.  
He wisely orders what we need,  
And sendeth blessings in disguise;  
The greatest trial rightly borne  
Therein the richest blessing lies,

O, let us then no more repine,  
But love Him more and sweetly rest  
Our hand in His when trials come,  
He sendeth only what is best;  
He careth for us day by day,  
And asketh only for our love,

That He may draw us near to Him  
And fit us for our home above.

---

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

---

Seasons come and seasons go—  
Summer's heat and winter's snow,  
Zephyrs mild from southern lands,  
Chilling winds from ice-bound strands;  
Daylight, flushed with sunshine bright,  
Followed by the sombre night.  
Damp and gloomy days of rain;  
Cloudless skies break forth again,—  
Lights and shadows, "ups and downs,"  
Friendly smiles and angry frowns:  
Changing seasons, shifting scenes:  
Every variation means  
Something yet to be attained,  
Greater victories to be gained:  
Some deep lesson yet unlearned;  
Crowns, by crosses yet unearned.  
Seasons come and seasons go,  
All for good to those who know,  
And can see, the Power above  
Overruling all in love.



### TRUST

---

How sweet, O Lord, to come to Thee  
When every other refuge fails;—  
In perfect confidence to flee,  
When fierce affliction's storm assails,  
To One who understandeth all  
Our inmost wants and deepest woes;  
Who heareth every trustful call,  
And who can quell each blast that blows.

Teach me, my Savior, more and more  
To look to thee for strength and light,  
And how when weak, despised, and poor,  
To find in thee my sole delight.  
Vain is the help of man, I know,  
Small solace can his words impart,  
But thou canst vanquish every foe,  
And fill with peace the trusting heart.

I'll consecrate my life to Thee,  
Confiding in Thy boundless love;  
Thy mighty arm shall strengthen me  
When trials dark my faith would prove.  
My path is oft beset with snares,  
But Thou canst make my steps secure,—  
No flattering words nor worldly cares  
Shall him who trusts in Thee allure.

Increase my faith, that I may be  
More humble, trustful and resigned;

And never cease to look to Thee  
 For strength of soul and peace of mind,  
 I'd place no limit to Thy power,  
 But trust Thee wholly day by day;  
 Thy gracious smile can light each hour,  
 And drive the darkest clouds away.

---

### CONSIDER THE LILIES

---

Consider the lilies in glory arrayed,  
 Consider by whom they were fashioned and made;  
 Then think how the Savior in wisdom did speak  
 Of the beauty that rests on the lily's pale cheek.

He who all the glory of heaven had seen;  
 Whose home with bright angels and seraphs had  
 been,  
 Where all is perfection untainted by aught  
 That marreth the beauty of earth's fairest spot,

He with His disciples did walk through the fields,  
 And notice quite closely the fruit each plant yields;  
 Then kindly discoursed of such earthly affairs  
 As bring to poor mortals their burdensome cares:

"Consider the lilies, how grandly they grow,  
 They toil not, they spin not,—who clotheth them  
 so,—

Surpassing in glory the proudest designs  
 Of monarchs who ravish the richest of mines?"

He pointeth with uplifted hand to the skies,  
Where many a bird so exultingly flies  
With songs of pure gladness unburdened by care,  
Then speaketh, "Behold all the fowls of the air!

Who feedeth the sparrows, whence cometh their  
food?

Your Father in heaven, the Source of all good,  
In kindness supplieth them every day:—  
Are beings with souls not much better than they?

Consider the lilies in beauty arrayed,  
Behold, too, the birds all so bounteously fed,  
And be not so faithless but only believe—  
Whatever thou needest God surely will give."

Then why should we harbor forebodings of want?  
No shadows of evil our courage should daunt;  
For whilst we are seeking God's kingdom indeed,  
His bounty supplieth all things that we need.

No more let us trust in a strength of our own,  
Or tremble with fear when our weakness is shown;  
But let us sincerely God's righteousness seek  
For He will be mighty in them that are weak.

Consider the lilies so grandly arrayed,  
Consider by whom they were fashioned and made;  
Consider who feedeth each innocent bird  
And rest all securely in God and His Word.

## SOWING AND REAPING

---

Gal. 6:7-9.

We are sowing, ever sowing  
Seeds of truth and seeds of faith;  
Or else sowing seeds of evil,  
Seeds that end in pain and death.  
To the flesh or to the spirit  
All are sowing seeds today:—  
Seeds that multiply corruption  
Or enrich life's upward way.

By our thoughts and by our actions,  
Are we sowing unawares,  
Countless seeds which in due season  
Yield good fruit or hurtful tares.  
By each word and look we scatter  
Many seeds on life's great plain;  
O may gracious dews from heaven  
Nourish every righteous grain!

Let us not forget the maxim,  
"What we sow we'll also reap;"  
Let us watch lest Satan scatter  
Seeds of evil while we sleep.  
Let us now not grow weary  
While the seed-time yet doth last,  
Lest we then should be found fruitless,  
When the harvest-time is past.

All around us storms are blowing,  
O Lord, give us strength and light;

Help us now while we are sowing  
 That we sow the seeds aright.  
 Father, guide us, daily guide us,  
 That we sow on gospel ground,  
 So that when the ear is growing,  
 Holy fruit may there be found.

Now we're sowing, soon the reapers  
 Will go forth to reap the ground;  
 O! may fruit of life eternal  
 Then in all our fields be found!  
 Till the harvest trump is sounded,  
 Help each one, Lord, who believes,  
 Then with joy we'll homeward hasten,  
 Bringing with us our own sheaves.

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### “PROVOKE UNTO LOVE”

---

Let us consider one another to provoke  
 unto love and good works.—Heb. 10:24.

“Provoke unto love,”—ah, well may we say  
 'Tis something we know little of;  
 Provoking to wrath we see every day  
 But what means provoking to love?

Our faculties all were given to use  
 As gifts from a kind Father's hand;  
 Their exercise true and not their abuse  
 Will make us just what He has planned.

We reap as we sow, e'en here in this life,—  
 We get as we give, love or hate;

Our actions will yield sweet peace or dark strife:  
A just recompense we await.

A mirror reflects all things in the light  
In which they before it appear:  
A face wreathed in smiles, e'er cheerful and bright,  
Ne'er finds there reflected a tear.

The mirror of life throws back to us all  
An image of all our own deeds;  
Give love or give hate, what will thee befall  
But that which from thy life proceeds?

An answer that's soft, a look that is kind,  
What seeds do they plant in men's hearts?  
An angry reply, grim looks quite unkind  
What are they but poisonous darts?

How pleasant to see an innocent child,  
Its soul yet so fresh from above,  
With sweet winning ways and actions so mild  
Provoking its playmates to love.

The contrary, then, how grievous to see  
'Mong Christians;—O what shall they reap?  
Provoking to wrath—it surely must be  
A sight to cause angels to weep.

Provoke unto love and works that are good,  
By loveliest words, looks and deeds;  
What thy life imparts such spiritual food  
Returns to supply thy own needs.

THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD

---

God's Word relates  
That in the early morn of earth's existence  
When chaos yielded to the Voice creative,  
And into life sprang all things as commanded,  
Six times, as each grand work was ended,  
The Maker paused and saw how truly perfect  
And good it was. When all completed,  
The seventh time He looked, lo, "everything  
That He had made \* \* was very good."

Ah, surely then,  
Well might the morning stars all sing together,  
And every creature that had found existence  
Praise God, the Perfect One! What loveliness  
And sweet perfection must then have graced all  
nature,  
When naught was seen or heard to sadden  
The new made earth,—no elements discordant  
Throughout the boundless universe!

How strange and sad  
That man, the crowning work of all creation,  
Made but a little lower than the angels,  
And placed in Eden with his Maker's blessing,  
That even he, with but a single statute  
To break or keep—one chance for disobedience,  
Should idly pluck and eat the fruit forbidden,  
Thereby accepting from his wicked tempter  
An evil nature prone to actions sinful;

Thus calling down from high and holy heaven  
A curse on earth and all that dwell therein!

Yet stranger still,  
In mystery hid past finding out,  
The plan divine whereby full, free redemption  
Could come to fallen man. Great truth sublime,  
Beyond man's power of comprehension,  
God gave His Son, His only and beloved,  
Who e'en before the dawning of creation  
Was with the Father in bright realms of bliss.

This Son of God became  
A ransom for the sin-cursed race of beings  
Who had rebelled 'gainst heaven's decree. He took  
upon  
Himself the curse; upon His head the sword of  
Justice  
Full vengeance took, that man from treason's  
penalties  
Could pardoned be: the sinner in dark dungeons  
chained,  
Enjoy the light of perfect liberty.

O gracious work of God!  
Yea, all His works and words o'erflow with mercy  
To those who have accepted as their Savior  
The Lamb of God for sinners slain. Christ cruci-  
fied



Brings peace; yea more, His rising from the dead  
 again  
 Brings joy to all whose lives are hid with Him.

But from all those  
 Who thrust aside this work of grace and love,—  
 Refuse to listen to God's holy Word of Truth,  
 Deny the Son,—God's own existence doubt,—  
 Heaven veils its smiling face: for how can they  
 Who scorn the Almighty Giver's agency  
 His wondrous gifts of love appreciate?  
 Could those who reckon the Creator as a myth  
 The beauties of creation comprehend?

Look thou upon a convict doomed  
 For long and weary years to drag away  
 His life in chains behind grim prison bars  
 In some dark dungeon's gloomiest cell, far, far re-  
 moved  
 From every ray of sunlight fair. The songs of  
 birds  
 Ne'er penetrate the mouldy walls to break  
 The silence so oppressive grown. No breeze per-  
 fumed  
 With blooming plants; no joy inspiring breath of  
 Spring  
 E'er drives the dampness from his brow; the tini-  
 est floweret  
 Earth sustains unveils not there its modest face  
 To cheer the eye with hopelessness bedimmed.

Take now a pardon in thine hand,  
 Unlock the door that for a score of years was  
     closed,  
 And break the chains from off the limbs benumbed  
 And crippled by their cruel weight. Then lead  
     him forth  
 From that vile crime-polluted place;—let him ex-  
     change  
 His filthy rags for garments that an honor are  
 To freedom's noblest sons; in tones subdued  
 By love, speak words of heartfelt sympathy,  
 And bid him be forever free!

                                    With rapture now  
 He feasts his eyes on all the wonderful  
 And glorious works of God. His heart expands  
 With new-found joy; and words are quite inade-  
     quate  
 To give expression to the thoughts of praise  
 That fill his mind. His soul can now appreciate  
 As ne'er before the beauty that by right belongs  
 To everything that God has made.

                                    A picture this,  
 Though faintly drawn, of a glad, grateful soul re-  
     leased  
 From Satan's chains of sin and shame:—A par-  
     doned one,  
 At peace with God, cleansed from his former sin-  
     ful state,  
 And walking in the perfect light and joy

Which none but new-born souls may know. Such,  
 only such  
 Can rightly understand how very good indeed  
 Is everything that God has made; for they alone  
 may truly "look  
 Through nature up to nature's God;" and looking  
 thus  
 With eyes undimmed by sin may see  
 How wonderful are all the works of God.

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### WHAT DO WE SEEK?

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Seek ye first the kingdom of God and  
 his righteousness.—Matt. 6:33.

Go ask the busy, bustling crowds  
 That throng our streets from morn till night,  
 What seek ye mostly for today?  
 And if they answer thee aright  
 They'll say, "The riches of this world  
 We reckon as our chiefest aim;—  
 Our time is fully occupied  
 In seeking wealth, and power and fame."

How sad,—immortal souls are bent  
 On gaining that which proves a loss;  
 See how they toil both night and day  
 For treasures that are naught but dross.  
 The fleeting vanities of life  
 Are sought with eager, burning haste,  
 Whilst heaven-born gifts and faculties  
 Through sad neglect have gone to waste.

What do we seek? Whom do we serve?

What treasures do we strive to win?

What is our chiefest aim in life?

What purpose rules our life within?

O let us make our calling sure,

Life's golden moments quickly fly,

And none can be prepared to live

Until they are prepared to die.

Friend, hast thou gained thy heart's desire?

Hast been successful in the race

For riches, or perhaps the world

Has granted thee a lofty place;

And by the world admired and praised,

Thou heedest not the gospel call?

**One thing** thou lackest yet, my friend,

**And lacking this thou lackest all!**

All, all is lacking when the soul

From earthly scenes must take its flight,

Still steeped in sin and unprepared

To meet a God of truth and right.

All good is gained, all foes are slain,

All tribulation overcome,

When, saved from sin, at peace with God,

The soul departs for heaven's pure home.

**SELF-EXAMINATION**

---

Gathering to the fold of Christ  
Or scattering far away  
From heavenly rest and peace with God,—  
Where do we stand today?  
Harkening to the voice of God,—  
Obedient to His will,  
Or yielding to the tempter's wiles,  
The lusts of sin to fill?

Walking with the saints of God  
Who sing Redemption's song?  
Or following the thoughtless crowd  
Who to the world belong?  
Traveling on the narrow way  
That leads us home to God,  
Or rushing heedlessly along  
The broad and downward road?

Laying up real treasures that  
Will prove a heavenly gain,  
Or toiling to accumulate  
Mere worldly riches, vain?  
Striving now to win the crown  
Whose glory is for aye?  
Or caring only for the things  
That quickly pass away?

Trusting in the spotless Lamb  
Of God, for sinners slain?

Or trying by self-righteous works  
 Salvation's gift to gain?  
 Following peace with all men here—  
 A blameless, holy life?  
 Or seeking but our selfish good  
 In envious deeds of strife?

Rejoicing that the Book of Life  
 Contains our humble name,  
 Or craving for the world's applause—  
 The fleeting bauble, fame?  
 Knowing that our Savior has  
 Prepared for us a home?  
 Or, doubting all His promises,—  
 What is our final doom?

---

### WISDOM

---

Come, let us follow wisdom's ways;  
 In her right hand is length of days;  
 Her ways alone are pleasant ways,  
 "And all her paths are peace."

Who will direct an erring soul  
 To find true wisdom's blissful goal,  
 Where righteousness may sin control,  
 And unbelief shall cease?

To God, whose wisdom can discern  
 The thoughts of men, let sinners turn  
 Their hearts and minds, that they may learn  
 To heed whate'er He says,

The truly wise will fear the Lord,  
The Holy One, to be adored,  
And learn in meekness, by His Word,  
To follow wisdom's ways.

The source of all that's good and true,  
He is the Fount of wisdom too  
Whence freely cometh life anew  
To save a fallen race.

Mere human wisdom but deceives,  
While he who truly Christ receives,  
A trusting heart to Jesus gives,  
That he may live by grace.

True wisdom cometh from above,  
First pure, then gentle, filled with love;  
Its all-pervading power will prove  
From whence it had its rise.

Base things, which men have laughed to scorn,  
Yea, foolish things, in weakness born,  
God's saving grace can so adorn  
As to confound the wise.

Should e'en the humblest mortal find,  
By faith, the Savior of mankind,  
He'll soon outstrip and leave behind  
The sage who Christ denies.

An eye of faith will oft perceive  
Deep mysteries, which would deceive

Philosophers, who disbelieve  
The truth that never dies.

Where shall we find a being wise,  
Infallible, beyond surmise?  
**The Lord**, whom many now despise—  
He only merits praise.

If kings and rulers now would stand,  
They, too, must heed His guiding hand:  
Prosperity will crown their land  
That follows wisdom's ways.

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### A BIBLE LESSON

---

The Lord with his disciples twelve,  
Upon a mountain high  
Was seated, and great multitudes  
Of people gathered nigh.  
The people came because they saw  
Christ's miracles were great;  
Far from their homes they followed him,  
Until the eve grew late.

The Savior with compassion looked  
Upon the multitude,  
Then unto his disciples said  
That they should give them food.  
Now all the food that was near by  
Was carried by a lad:



Five barley loaves,—two fishes small—  
And this was all they had.

Yet 'twas enough; for Jesus, filled  
With power from above,  
First bade the men be seated all,  
Then taking up each loaf,  
He blessed and break, and gave to all  
From His unfailing store;—  
Five thousand men he fed therewith—  
Twelve baskets full left o'er!

And thus we see, the little which  
An humble lad had brought,  
Was by Christ glorious might into  
Good food for thousands wrought!  
Dear children, you who this may read,  
Hereby you all may see,  
How even in His wondrous work  
“A lad” could useful be.

'Tis ever thus; the Lord has work  
For every one to do;  
Think not because you may be young  
He has no need of you.  
You may not always understand,  
Still patiently obey;—  
'Tis sweet to labor for the Lord,  
We know he will repay.

## THE LOVE OF GOD

---

### As manifested in Nature

All Nature declares there reigneth above  
A Maker all-wise who ruleth in love.  
His love is expressed in ev'ry wise plan  
That tends to promote the welfare of man.  
Man's evident place in the world, designed  
In wisdom supreme, by infinite Mind,  
In love to preside, a God-given soul,  
All creatures beneath his station control.

### As taught in the Bible

We read of God's love in the Book that He gave,  
How Jesus was sent the sinner to save;  
To die in our stead—sin's penalty pay—  
Lost souls to redeem and open the way  
That man could again to Him be restored  
And live evermore in the joy of his Lord.

### As Experienced by the Christian

Oh happy estate! now fully restored  
To fellowship and communion with God;  
From the power of sin and Satan set free,  
Constrained by thy love we labor for thee.  
Rejoicing in thee, our Savior and King,  
With grateful hosannas thy praises we sing.  
Though life in this world still has its alloys,  
Earth's trials prepare for heavenly joys.

## GOD SO LOVED

---

John 3:16

God so loved His own creation  
That He laid Salvation's plan  
Even from the world's foundation,  
Ere the earth was formed for man:  
Knowing how the tempter, Satan,  
Here His crowning work would mar,  
And through sin and condemnation  
From His holy presence bar.

God so loved the world of sinners  
That He gave His only Son  
To redeem and save from judgment,—  
He can save and He alone.  
He can save the vilest sinner  
That accepts His work of love:  
Bless his soul with life eternal,  
And his guilty stains remove.

God so loved that He permitted  
Wicked men to crucify  
His own Son for sin's atonement—  
For the guilty sinner die.  
As a gift Salvation's given  
To the poor, sin-burdened soul  
Who repents and seeks forgiveness  
That his heart may be made whole.

God so loved,—His goodness leadeth  
To repentance, faith and love;  
And by willing, humble service  
We our faith and love may prove.  
Love divine, and deep compassion  
Moved the heart of God to give  
Unto us a loving Savior  
That we might repent and live.

God so loved that He established  
And prepared a home for all  
Who have found His great salvation  
And obey the Gospel call:—  
Mansions in celestial glory  
Where no evil thing can come,  
Where with holy saints and angels  
We may dwell in peace at home.

God so loved and made provision  
That His love might be made known  
So that we in turn could love him,  
And become His very own.  
He through Jesus manifested  
All the wonders of His love;  
We in Jesus safe abiding,  
Now await that home above.

God so loved and keeps on loving  
While eternity endures.  
He has saved and He will keep us,  
And His Word for us assures

Joy in all its precious fulness;  
Peace that like a river flows;  
Everlasting streams of gladness;  
Rest that no disturbance knows.  
1916.

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### LOOK UP

---

Look up, my weary brother,  
Away from sin and strife;  
Let not your heart's affections  
Rest in this fleeting life.  
All earthly things must perish,  
Life's treasures pass away:  
Look up! the Master calls thee  
To realms of endless day.

Look up beyond the glitter  
Of this false world's affairs;  
Beyond life's dark confusion,  
And self's deceitful snares.  
This world may reel and totter,  
There's rest and peace above:  
God's own eternal heaven,  
Of never-dying love.

Look up! life's rugged ladder,  
So steep and hard to climb,  
Will bring you to the borders  
Of Beulah land sublime.

Beneath you loathsome demons  
Are tempting you to fall;  
Above you holy angels  
In tones of pity call.

Look up, be not discouraged:  
The bow of promise bright  
Appears against a background  
Of clouds as dark as night.  
But if with downcast vision  
We grope for earthly things,  
The bow that spans the heavens  
For us no comfort brings.

Look up, a silvery lining  
Adorns the darkest clouds;  
Beyond the mist of doubting  
That now your life enshrouds:  
The star of hope is shining,  
And cloudless are the skies:  
Look up! and then press onward  
To win the glorious prize.

Wealth, fame, grief, joy and sorrow,—  
All transient things of earth,  
Shall be exchanged for treasures  
Of more enduring worth.  
Look up, my Christian brother,  
Soon we shall cease to roam;  
Christ waiting stands to welcome  
The weary wanderer home.

## LOOK UP AND LIVE

---

How many things around us here,  
Amid life's ever changing scenes;  
Things that we see and that we hear,  
That fill our minds and are the means  
Of lifting into higher light,  
Or dark'ning more with Error's blight.

False views of life distort the mind,  
Subvert the powers of the soul,  
And men, to their best interests blind,  
Lose life's appointed heavenly goal.  
Through misdirected energy  
Men lose their highest destiny.

Mere worldly pleasures oft allure,  
Or gold's false glitter blinds our eyes,  
Until we fail to see the pure  
And nobler things in higher skies;  
Thus vain and sordid things of earth  
Engulf a life of heavenly birth.

Shall we with muck-rake in our hands  
Note all the filth and trash below?  
Or shall we, heeding heaven's demands,  
Seek food whereby our souls may grow?  
To what shall we attention give—  
Look down and die? Look up and live?

Oh, may our eyes the good and true  
 And beautiful in life behold,  
 And daily gain a fairer view  
 Of things more precious far than gold;  
 Absorbing virtue from above,  
 Increase in Faith and Hope and Love.

---

### LIFE'S PURPOSE

---

"I live for those who love me,"  
 For those who hate me too;  
 For the smiles and frowns that greet me  
 Because I dare to do  
 The right as God reveals it  
 Unto my soul each day,  
 While striving still to follow  
 The Savior all the way.

To live without a purpose  
 Would be a living death,—  
 Dishonoring my Savior  
 With each life-giving breath.  
 The grandest, noblest purpose—  
 To heed the heavenly call,  
 And follow only Jesus  
 Who gave His life for all.

He left the joys of heaven  
 His enemies to save;  
 His blood He shed to purchase  
 What we by grace may have;



To point the way to heaven  
 His mission was to live:  
 His death brought life immortal  
 To all who will believe.

To follow in His footsteps  
 And heed no other guide;  
 To live by His example,  
 Whatever may betide,  
 Means to possess His spirit  
 And tender love, and then,  
 In humble self-denial  
 To serve our fellow-men.

Lord, for the good of others  
 My life to thee I'd give,  
 Since even here 'tis better  
 To give than to receive.  
 Then help us to be faithful,  
 Constrained by love alone,  
 Whate'er our work, be ready  
 For thy sweet words, "Well done."

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### TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK

---

Luke 13:34.

Lo, by the wise behest of heaven  
 To every man his work is given.  
 A work assigned to every one  
 To be fulfilled, or left undone—  
**To every man his work.**

A sacred trust hath every heart;  
 Each in life's drama acts a part;  
 A work for every one to do—  
 Some worthy object to pursue—  
     To every man his **work**.

The work that God points out to me  
 I may not shirk and leave for thee.  
 Thy work God knoweth; from thy hand  
 Account thereof He will demand,—  
     To every man his work.

However humble be thy lot;  
 Wealthy or poor, it matters not;  
 Whate'er thy name, where'er thou art,  
 God calls to thee, "Act well thy part"—  
     To every man his work.

In Church or State; at home, abroad,  
 All are accountable to God.  
 He placed us here to help fulfill  
 His grand design,—obey His will,—  
     To every man his work.

So every one account must give  
 Of his own deeds. We all receive  
 A talent which we may improve  
 While on life's busy stage we move—  
     To every man his work.

To each the call, "Take up thy cross,"—  
A great reward,—a fearful loss;  
Which shall it be at that great day  
When earthly scenes have passed away?  
To every man his pay!

---

### CHRISTIAN PERSEVERANCE

---

To confess our Lord and Savior  
Is a step upon the road  
That will lead to heav'nly mansions  
In the city of our God.  
But that happy destination  
Lies not at the entrance here,—  
It is found by faithful pilgrims—  
Those who daily persevere.

Christian zeal and perseverance  
Must be welded into one  
By the love which God the Father  
Sheds upon us through His Son:  
Thus we may endure in patience,  
And our joy may be complete,  
While we learn life's needful lessons  
At the blessed Savior's feet.

Taking up the cross which Jesus  
Tells us now in love to bear,

Means a life of self-denial  
 Every day and everywhere:  
 Seeking first the heavenly kingdom,  
 Faithful, steadfast, ever true,  
 Knowing that our Lord is able  
 To protect and keep us, too.

To profess to live for Jesus  
 Means to live for Him each day:  
 Means a life that's consecrated  
 In whate'er we do or say:—  
 Step by step to walk with Jesus,  
 Never faltering by the way,  
 Till we reach the heavenly city  
 In the light of endless day.

1903.

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### WORK AND WAIT

---

The sower when his seed is sown  
 Must wait full many a night and day  
 Ere he can reap the golden sheaves,  
 And for his toil receive his pay.  
 With hopeful heart he scatters first  
 The precious seed upon his fields,  
 Then waits,—and after many days  
 A rich reward his labor yields.

What if the sower's faith should fail?  
 By giving way to doubts and fears,

Should greedily withhold the seed  
Because no quick result appears?  
Or having sown, refuse to wait  
The gradual growths from day to day,  
Until the gladsome harvest time,  
But reap his fields in blooming May?

Oh, what a folly, do you say?  
And yet how oft are we inclined  
To yield to silly doubts and fears,  
And cease to work with willing mind.  
Or, having done our Master's work,  
Because no quick result appears,  
Our faithless hearts refuse to wait.—  
We murmur and repine in tears.

The noblest work that we can do  
Earns not for us a home above;  
They also serve who stand and wait,—  
Whose hearts repose in faith and love.  
A restful faith at Jesus' feet  
His smile of sweet approval finds,  
Whilst self-imposed and toilsome care  
The soul to earth's corruption binds.

But 'tis a glorious privilege  
To labor for our Master here  
Whilst waiting for the promises  
Of rest beyond this earthly sphere;—  
A land of love, that better land—  
A never-ceasing blissful state;

Then faint not, O ye weary ones,  
But learn to labor and to wait.

---

### GOD OWNS ALL THINGS

---

How prone we are to call the many things our  
own

Which God has kindly lent us for our use:  
Forgetting that we're wholly on His bounty  
thrown,

We oft His higher claims and rights abuse.  
**God owns all things**, and as He spreads His gifts  
around

Each crowds and struggles for the largest share,  
Unmindful that the weaker ones are trodden down,  
Or that the poor are robbed beyond repair.

To God in truth belongs the wealth of land and  
sea;

He causes all Earth's fields to yield their store.  
The treasures of the mine and deep are His, while  
we

As suppliants for a pittance must implore.  
God owns all things. Yea, man is but a tenant  
here,

And cannot truly own a rood of soil.  
The pauper's portion with the millionaire  
Is food and clothing gained by care or toil.

Earth's riches are but ours to hold in trust  
Until the Master calleth for the same:

To use but not to heap where moth and rust  
Will witness 'gainst the faithless steward's name.  
God owns all things and none are rich but those  
who know

The goodness, peace, and mercy of our Lord:  
Who've cast their cares on Him from whom all  
blessings flow,  
And live obedient to His Holy Word.

Vain man! When wilt thou cease to boast thyself  
as though

Thy wealth were sure and thy possessions great?  
Thou dost not even own a breath of air, and lo,  
In one short hour may vanish thy estate.  
God owns all things. 'Tis folly then for mortal  
man

To place his trust in things that pass away;  
Far better yield obedience to Jehovah's plan,  
And recognize the rightful Owner's sway.

O tyrant man! Why still thy fellow man enslave.

Usurping powers that are not thine to hold?  
God will require of thee the precious soul He gave,  
How sad if then that soul for power was sold!  
God owns all things.—O civil magistrates refrain  
From causing needless suffering in your land;  
Nor prostitute your lawful power for selfish gain  
If you before the throne of God would stand.

Self-righteous man, when wilt thou cease to cramp  
and bind

The conscience of thy humble fellow man?  
Czars, popes, and priests who'd rule the souls of  
men will find

That faith in God survives a human ban.  
God owns all things.—Each child of God belongs  
to Him

Who gave it life and guides it on the way:  
Though they may flee before their persecutors  
grim

God will sustain and keep them safe always.

The talent that has been entrusted to our care

Do we improve the same from day to day?  
Or murmur we because perhaps a larger share  
Was given to a friend across the way?

God owns all things.—This truth should be more  
widely known,

And for His gifts more grateful should we be:  
Be faithful stewards that when He calleth for His  
own

It then may be returned with usury.  
1875.

I Cor. 3:21, 22.

Accepted as the Bride of Christ, God's Son, we see

All things through Him to us are given too:  
The Present and the Future—all eternity—

Belongs to those who are God's children true.



Joint-heirs with Christ, yes, members of God's  
family!

How wonderful, how strange, and yet how true:  
**All things are ours:** for while our Father's love  
abides

His bounty will supply us day by day;  
And mansions in His glorious kingdom Christ pro-  
vides

When transitory things have passed away.  
1916.

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**"BY FAITH YE STAND"**

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(II Cor. 1:24.)

The just shall live  
By faith; and without faith no man can ever  
Please Him who holdeth in His hands the issues  
Of Life and Death. Who measures out the present  
And the future, not in reward for actions  
Transient, but as an Allwise Judge who seeth  
And comprehendeth all the inner motives  
That rule the outer life.

By faith they stand  
Who through the cleansing blood of Christ their  
Savior  
Have found their souls' salvation, full and com-  
plete.  
No longer have they need of glittering armor;  
No more do they rely on human prowess;

No vile and bloody engine of destruction  
Is worthy of their trust.

They now detest  
All heathen means and low barbarous customs  
Descended through the darkened lapse of ages,  
And even yet accepted by all nations,  
Which cause vain man to place his trust in armies,  
In ranks of mortals trained for human slaughter;  
In ships of war, in frowning walls and cannon;  
In many fearful engines of destruction  
As though they were his gods!

Shall we be found  
'Mong those who trust in human power,  
Setting aside the claims of Him who sayeth,  
"Vengeance is mine; I will repay,"—as rebels  
Refuse to listen to the will of heaven;  
E'en trample under foot the words of Jesus,  
And close our hearts against His Holy Spirit,  
And stain our hands with human blood?  
Not such, O Lord, have been thy wise instructions  
To those who seek to follow in thy footsteps.  
Then lift your eyes, O faithless generation,  
And mark the words of ancient holy prophets.  
Is not earth's peaceful age of which they've spoken  
Well nigh at hand? Was it in vain Christ suffered  
Man to redeem that here might be accomplished  
The will of God e'en as 'tis done in heaven?

Kind reader search

And ponder well the many pure ensamples  
Recorded by Christ's own devout apostles,  
And tell me then what is the Christian's refuge  
When foes arise and fearful dangers threaten?  
Can he repose his confidence in armies,  
Or place his trust in skillful men's devices,  
Ignore God's will and all that's pure and lovely,  
Giving full scope to all his baser passions,  
That he may slay his enemies in battle  
E'en as the God-less heathen do?

'Tis founded not—

This doctrine pure of Christ-like non-resistance,  
On cold indifference to the claims of justice,  
But on the fact that there is One above us,  
A righteous Judge, Divine, All-wise, All-knowing,  
Whose honor's pledged to see that perfect justice  
In His own time is meted out to every one.  
God's children here are not left unprotected  
Since heaven itself stands ready to defend them.  
No more can they depend on carnal weapons,  
Nor have they need of warlike preparations,  
For mightier are the weapons of their warfare  
Through God, their sole and never-failing refuge:  
Demolishing the strongholds of all evil,  
And bringing to subjection every passion  
Till every thought shall render due obedience  
To Christ the Holy One.

## CHRISTIANITY REQUIRES PEACE\*

---

God's Holy prophets long foretold  
 That cruel wars must cease—  
 That Christ the Shepherd for his fold,  
 Would bring a reign of peace:  
 When men would walk in the light of the Lord,  
 And no more desire to life up the sword:  
 When none need quake at the fierce battle's roar,  
 For nations should not learn war any more,  
 But follow the paths of peace.

List to the song of Bethlehem,  
 The joyful sound prolong;  
 Lo! "On earth peace, good will toward men,"  
 This was the angel's song,  
 When the Prince of Peace, our Savior was born,  
 To proclaim that peaceable kingdom's morn.  
 The gospel of peace He freely revealed,  
 Yea, with His own blood His Testament sealed,  
 To redeem the world from wrong.

What were the doctrines He did preach?  
 What saith His holy Word?

---

\*This poem was written while the author was a "shut-in" invalid. He was unable even to sit up in his bed while writing, and for three years unable to walk across his room.

Did Jesus His disciples teach  
To wield the bloody sword?  
O no; but he said they should bless and love  
Their enemies, and be harmless as doves.  
Christ, lowly in heart, meek, merciful, kind,  
Left none but gracious examples behind:—  
So we should follow the Lord.

No law of peace you'll find so good,  
Searching the wide world through,  
As, Do to others as you would  
That they should do to you.  
All those who will search the Scriptures can see,  
That true disciples we never can be,  
Unless we possess Christ's Spirit which leads  
Us now to repay men's evil deeds,  
With deeds that are good and true.

He came to save the lives of men,  
Then why should we destroy?  
When men accept Christ's Spirit, then  
They'll find true peace and joy.  
He told His disciples to "Put up the sword,"  
He taught by his deeds as well as his word.  
The Author of peace—he taught us to pray  
For our enemies too, but not to slay,—  
To **forgive** and not destroy.

How can men be so blind in this  
Clear peaceful gospel light,

As to believe and say, It is  
The Christian's legal right  
To forge the instruments of carnal strife,  
And learn the fiendish art of taking life!  
With sword and gun join in the mad affray  
To kill his fellow men in every way—  
May God save us from this sight!

Come, blessed time, seen from afar  
By holy seers of old,  
When none shall sanction deeds of war  
Within the Christian fold.  
Oh, when shall appear the glorious day,  
When carnage and strife shall have passed away?  
When all men on earth love the Prince of peace,  
And obey his Gospel—then wars will cease,  
'Tis the hope we firmly hold.

Lord, cleanse us now from every thought  
Of violence and strife;  
Help us to serve thee as we ought,  
And live a peaceful life.  
We pray thee to cause all rulers and kings  
To humble themselves, and follow the things  
That cherish sweet peace:—to obey thy word;  
Forever to stay the murderous sword,  
And cease from carnal strife.

**“SWEAR NOT AT ALL”**

---

“Swear not at all.” Thus taught the Son  
Of God, the pure and holy One,  
Whose words with truth are ever rife;  
Who for a ransom gave His life—  
Man to restore from Adam’s fall—  
Yes, Jesus said, “Swear not at all.”

“Swear not at all.” In times of old  
Before Christ came truth to unfold,  
Oaths were allowed, and men would bind  
Themselves with solemn vows to find  
Their perjured souls could not obey,  
But Jesus taught a better way:

Swear not at all, whate’er you do,  
Oaths cannot make your words more true.  
Speak words of promise with a “yea,”  
And when denying answer, “nay;”  
But keep your lips from words profane,  
They come of evil and are vain.

“Swear not at all,” said Christ, and James,  
His true disciple, too, proclaims  
The same divine command, for, see,  
“Above all things swear not,” said he.—  
And are not here forbidden both  
The statesman’s and the ruffian’s oath?

“Swear not at all” includes all kinds  
 Of oaths, and how the swearer finds  
 A way to reconcile his word  
 With these plain teachings of our Lord  
 I know not, for to great and small  
 Comes this command, “Swear not at all.”

“Swear not at all.” Then while we live  
 O let us due obedience give  
 To this command, so firm and plain.  
 No “legal oaths” or words profane  
 From Christian lips should ever fall  
 Since Jesus said, “Swear not at all.”

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### COUNT THE BLESSINGS

---

Count the blessings, count the blessings  
 That are sent thee from above;  
 Pass not lightly o'er thy comforts;  
 Notice every gift of love.  
 Mark each lovely, green oasis  
 Strewn along life's desert way;  
 Do not borrow future sorrow:  
 Count the blessings of today.

See the many scenes of beauty  
 Spread around thee everywhere:  
 Fruitful plains, majestic mountains,  
 All do show the Master's care.  
 Luscious fruits and cooling fountains  
 Ready for the wants of man:



Count the blessings all around thee,—  
Canst thou all their numbers scan!

Think of all the untold blessings  
Clustered round our homes today;  
Think of friends and precious kindred  
Sent to cheer us on our way.  
And though earthly ties be broken,  
And our fondest hopes decay,  
Count them blessings, hearts to soften,  
Leading us from earth away.

'Tis the humble Christian's duty  
To proclaim the gifts of God;  
And to thank the blessed Giver  
Though He send the chastening rod:  
For our trials, too, are blessings—  
Richest blessings in disguise—  
Then cheer up, my weary brother,  
And no longer droop thine eyes!

Let us note each daily blessing;  
Thus we may each other cheer  
While upon our upward journey,  
Until Caanan's shores appear.  
Count the blessings, count the blessings;  
Garner up the precious store,  
And we'll find we have good reasons  
To rejoice for evermore!

### FEET WASHING\*

---

#### (Spiritual Signification of the Ordinance)

All ordinances have their place,  
 Yet outward form alone  
 Can never bring true happiness,  
 Nor for mistakes atone.  
 The substance we must truly first discern  
 Ere we can fully from the shadow turn,—  
 The meaning of Christ's solemn question learn:  
 "Know ye what I have done?"

What does it mean to us today?  
 What do we find therein?  
 A foot-sore brother needs our help—  
 Where should our work begin?  
 The outward washing deeper things implieth,—  
 Truth sanctifies and he that truth denieth  
 Can have no part with Him whose blood supplieth  
 The remedy for sin.

See how the Highest One could stoop  
 The lowliest task to do;

---

\*The writer believes that every religious ordinance has a spiritual signification. The disciples certainly knew that their Lord and Master had washed their feet, (literally), yet He questioned their understanding of the meaning of that washing: "Know ye what I have done to you?" And in concluding His explanations and instructions, He said, "If ye know these things" (the things I have taught you) "happy are ye if ye do them."

The Master fill the servant's place  
To teach a lesson true:  
No useful work nor humble service can  
Degrade the life of any Christian man;  
Caste has no place in heaven's perfect plan,—  
Where Love makes all things new.

Our Lord and Master said that we  
Should wash each other's feet.  
The "natural man" may not perceive  
Herein the truth complete.  
Yet Jesus' words with truth are overflowing,  
And lessons pure and warm therein are glowing—  
"Go cultivate the seeds I have been sowing—  
Wash one another's feet."

The sinful soul must first be washed  
In Jesus' precious blood  
Ere he can claim the Christian's name—  
Be reconciled with God.  
He that is washed is clean then altogether,  
And needeth but to wash his feet which gather,  
While trav'ling here, impurities which smother  
That which is pure and good.

The fields that lie along our path  
Grow tares as well as wheat,  
And traces of the evil one  
At every step we meet;  
'Mong pits and snares our journey oft requires  
Stern vigilance, and oft the pilgrim tires

By reason of the many rocks and briars  
That wound his way-worn feet.

The Lord hath washed my sins away  
And cleansed my heart, I know;  
Should I deny this truth, I must  
Deny my Savior too;  
Yet while I try to shun the paths of evil  
My feet are liable to slip; the devil  
At times doth cause me to be rude, uncivil—  
What, brother, shall I do?

I would not travel here alone,  
For fellowship is sweet;  
The roads are rough and oft I find  
My steps are indiscreet;  
But if I stumble in thy sight,—O brother,  
Go not straightway and tell it to another,  
But come to me and be in truth a brother;  
O come and wash my feet!

Our blessed Savior said that we  
Should wash each other's feet.  
Thus we should help each other here  
To do that which is meet.  
None faultless are, but while we seek perfection,  
Let none secrete their ways from truth's inspection,  
Nor e'er despise a brother's mild correction,  
But wash each other's feet.

**CHRISTMAS TIME**

---

Time in its unceasing rounds  
Brings again the sights and sounds  
To our minds, which long ago  
Filled men's hearts with joy or woe;  
And as every season brings  
To our mem'ry former things,  
Holiest thoughts—themes most sublime  
Are reserved for Christmas time.

“Merry Christmas,” now we hear  
Spoken from the heart to cheer  
Every heart that gladly sings  
What the old, old story brings:  
How the angel voices sweet  
Filled the air with joy complete  
When the Holy Child was given  
To prepare our souls for heaven.

More than eighteen hundred years  
With their streams of bitter tears  
Fail to dim the truth which then  
Brought sweet peace,—good will to men.  
“Peace on earth;” God willed it so;  
Peace to all the world below:  
Unto us His Son was given,  
Bringing peace and joy from heaven.

Holy prophets who of old  
The advent of Christ foretold

Bade mankind with joy to sing  
Praises to the coming King.  
How much more should we today,—  
Walking in Salvation's way—  
Bid all nations, every clime,  
To rejoice in "Christmas time."

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### Die fröhliche Botschaft.

---

„Frieden auf Erden!“ wohl möchten die Engel  
Sich freuen und singen als dieses geschah;  
Die fröhlichste Botschaft die je war gesprochen  
War eilend verkündigt mit Halleluja!  
„Frieden auf Erden!“—o! selige Stunden:  
Bald hatten die Hirten das Kindlein gefunden  
In Windeln gewickelt—in Demut bekleidet,  
Im Krippelein liegen, mit Gottheit bereitet.

„Frieden auf Erden!“—der Heiland gekommen  
Sein Volk zu erlösen von Sünd' und vom Tod;  
Zu reinigen alle die recht zu ihn kommen,  
Und sie zu befreien von Schmerzen und Not.  
„Frieden auf Erden!“ Sein theures Leben,  
Die Welt zu erlösen, hat Jesus gegeben:—  
Um uns zu bewahren, mit Satan gestritten,—  
Um uns zu ersparen, am Kreuze gelitten!

„Frieden auf Erden!“—er ist Auferstanden,  
 Sein Leiden ist über, sein Werk ist getan;  
 Der Fürst aller Fürsten, er hat überwunden;  
 Ja er hat geöffnet die himmlische Bahn.  
 „Frieden auf Erden!“ nun laßet uns singen,  
 Die fröhliche Worte, o laßet sie klingen  
 In alle Welt Orten, bei Tag und bei Nacht,  
 Denn Christus sein gnädiges Werk hat vollbracht!

„Frieden auf Erden!“—er ist Aufgefahren,  
 Und sitzt als König auf'm himmlischen Thron;  
 Gott hat ihm gegeben den herrlichsten Namen,  
 Denn er ist sein treuer und einziger Sohn.  
 „Frieden auf Erden!“ sein Wort ist geschrieben,  
 Und selig diejen'ge die sich darin üben.  
 Zuletzt hat der Herr auch den Tröster gesendet  
 Zu trösten ein jeder der's Herz zu ihm wendet.  
 Wir weisen sein Willen,—der Weg ist bereit,  
 Kommt laßt uns Ihm folgen zur ewigen Freud!

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## NEW YEAR REFLECTIONS

---

Another year is left behind;  
 Another twelve-month ended;  
 Entrusted to our care a while  
 But it was only lended.  
 Did we with care the past improve,  
 Or did we mar its beauty?

Say, did we shirk the Master's work,  
Or did we do our duty?

Our actions in the Book of time  
Indelibly are recorded;  
What the result,—our works, should they  
Be punished or rewarded?  
The past can no more be recalled;—  
Each in the present liveth;  
The Future's in the hands of Him  
Who justest verdict giveth.

The lesson of the Past is this:  
Here we have tribulation  
If we would stand then we must wear  
The helmet of salvation.  
Waste not our precious days and years  
Merely in things external,  
But heed the words of faithful Paul,  
"Lay hold on life eternal."

Then we can praise our Savior still,—  
Be joyful e'en in sorrow;  
Not fearing what the Future brings,—  
God careth for the morrow:  
Forget those things that are behind,  
The present Heaven sendeth;  
Press on until we reach the goal,—  
A year that never endeth.



## OUR HEAVENLY HOME

Our earthly life how incomplete!  
We daily part no more to meet  
Our nearest, dearest friends below;  
We form sweet friendships; then, alas,  
To other scenes we quickly pass,  
And other faces learn to know.

What joy to meet true friends of yore;  
But soon we part to meet no more  
In this our weary pilgrimage.  
Companionships we deemed most true  
Dissolve and quickly fade from view,—  
Alone the wars of life we wage.

Dear ones whose hearts are knit to ours,  
Who've stood by us in darkest hours,  
Who've shared our ev'ry joy and pain,  
By death are rudely snatched away—  
Vain all our tears—they cannot stay,  
Where are they now? we seek in vain.

A few more days or years at most  
Then all the good of which we boast  
In earth-life's strange uncertain race,  
Is left behind,—we pass away  
Like grass that withers in a day,  
While others haste to take our place.

And is this all of life there is?  
 Is man's grand destiny in this  
   Chaotic term of broken parts?  
 Must pure affection's sweetest ties  
 A spectre prove to tantalize  
   And blast the hopes of trusting hearts?

Ah no; thank God, that blissful shore,  
 Where loved ones meet to part no more,  
   Is not a poet's idle dream!—  
 Beyond this life of sighs and tears  
 A home of endless joy appears—  
   Life's source itself, a crystal stream.

There endless joy and bliss complete  
 Are realized by those who meet  
   Around God's throne to sing His praise;  
 There all whom Christ has cleansed and freed  
 From every sinful thought and deed  
   Will meet and happy be always.

Then shall life's mysteries be revealed,  
 And many things to us now sealed  
   Made plain in heav'n's eternal day.  
 With thankful hearts we then shall know  
 Our sorest trials here below  
   Were sent to teach God's perfect way.

True saints in glory there shall reign,  
 And friends long parted meet again

To live in love and rest in peace.  
There none shall feel or see a tear;  
There every thought of grief or fear  
Is lost in joys that never cease.

O! blessed hope—Christ's loved ones all  
Shall meet in peace—no party wall  
Can be erected on that shore.  
With Jesus there we'll be at home  
Where pain and sickness never come,  
And death is banished evermore.

Sweet heavenly home, prepared for all  
Who now accept the Savior's call,  
And live obedient to God's word.  
O glorious thought, from death to rise  
On angel wings to mount the skies  
And be forever with the Lord!

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### PASSING ON

---

Upon Life's stage we enter one by one,  
To take the place of others who've passed on  
To other fields of labor, or to find  
Things hidden from the finite human mind,  
Beyond the veil that hides the Future's face,  
From whence no traveler may his steps retrace.  
The Past was theirs, the Present is our own;  
We live, but not unto ourselves alone,

For others all around us come and go  
 Whose lives we ever touch for weal or woe;  
 We meet, we act, and then we, too, pass on—  
     We meet and then pass on.

In memory's secret chambers, held in store,  
 Are treasures rare o'er which our minds oft pore;  
 Remembrances of those our hearts hold dear,  
 Whose forms no more before our eyes appear,  
 Since they've passed on to that vast unknown  
     bourne

From whence no traveler ever may return.  
 Brief was their stay, their earthly race is run;  
 Bequeathed to us the work which they've begun;  
 The burdens they have laid aside are ours;  
 We take their place a few short days or hours  
 To labor in the Present time—the Past is gone—  
     And then we, too, pass on.

Pass on to where? What is our destiny?  
 And what our portion in eternity?  
 Is life a dream, and may we never know  
 From whence we came and whither we shall go?  
 No, Life is real, and faith in things divine  
 Heav'n's light reveals—a radiant light to shine  
 Along our way, (dispelling doubts and fears,)  
 Which brighter grows with passing days and years,  
 Until with joy we yield to those who come  
 To take our place, since now we know at home,  
 In heaven we'll meet beloved ones passed on,  
     And nevermore pass on.

# MISCELLANEOUS

## MISUNDERSTOOD

---

Misunderstood? Your actions misconstrued?  
Your plainest words fail to convey  
Just what you mean and try to say?  
Discouraged quite, you now almost conclude  
To hold your peace and go your way?

Misunderstood? Consider, friend; can you  
Always perceive what other men  
Would say to you by voice or pen?  
And when you would their sentiments review,  
Rightly repeat the same again?

Misunderstood? Earth's only perfect Man,  
Who taught by words and actions too,  
Was crucified because so few  
Could understand: men failed to see the plan  
And purpose that He had in view.

How true it is, we only "know in part."  
But what we know of truth and right  
We must declare as in God's sight,  
Let come what will; the honest, upright heart  
Dare not conceal its highest light.

1915.

**OPPOSED TO EDUCATION**

---

Opposed to education?

You know not what you say.

You call that education

Which leads some minds astray

Where skepticism welcomes

The "higher critic's" blight,

And men seek ease of conscience

By shutting out the light!

A puffing up with knowledge

Is not to educate:

An empty bag looks bigger

If wind its folds inflate.

No, education proper

Is not a filling in,

Much more a growth and training

Of faculties within.

To educate the muscles

Develops working power

And skillful manual lab'ers

Are needed every hour.

The physical unguided

By mental powers trained

Is but a brutal menace

Of evil unrestrained.

And mental education,

Legitimate and real,

Must likewise still be subject  
To heaven's higher ideal:  
The lower to the higher  
Must ever yield control  
To gain true peace and order  
'Tween body, mind, and soul.

Thus harmony established  
The faculties of man  
Can work in sweet accordance  
With heaven's perfect plan.  
Hence education proper  
Can only be complete  
When all our gifts and talents  
Creation's purpose meet.

Opposed to education?  
Ah, no; but you may be  
Opposed to your conception—  
To what your mind can see.  
Then educate your talents,  
And gain a broader view,—  
Be able to distinguish  
Between the false and true.

**September 2, 1915.**

## WAR

---

War; who can tell in language plain  
Just what it is and does and how  
Those who engage therein can prove  
Themselves as fully justified;  
Or reasons give that satisfy  
The logical, unbiased mind,  
When all the evidence is giv'n,  
Both pro and con?

The school boy sees  
How veterans of former wars  
Are praised and lauded to the **skies**.  
And in the books that help to mold  
His plastic mind for good or ill.  
He reads how men in former days  
Won great renown on bloody fields  
Of war by slaying fellow men;  
Yea, history's pages honoring those  
Whose hands were stained with human blood  
Far more than godly men who lived  
To bless and save their fellow men  
From sin and all its miseries.

The young man sees  
A gorgeous picture on the wall  
With glowing and seductive words  
Portraying army life: A life of **ease**,  
Freed from restraints and cares of home;  
With rations fine and steady pay;



Promotion sure with honors great.  
Encamped with jolly comrades now,  
Then roving over lands and seas  
To see the world without expense  
Clad in fine raiment that commands  
Respect from all he meets.

Perchance he sees  
A grand procession on the street  
With silken banners waving high  
And glittering weapons proudly borne  
By stalwart soldiers keeping step  
To martial music's siren call—  
To piercing fife and rattling drum  
That fill the air, and thrill the soul;  
Deluding youthful eyes and ears  
With wild appeals to honors great  
Of valor and renown.

These things serve as a mask  
To hide the hideous face of war:  
As artful snares or subtle schemes  
To blind the noble and the brave  
Until they yield themselves as slaves  
To serve the god of war; as willing slaves  
To serve the cruel god of war.

From whence come wars?  
From evil passions in the heart;  
From lust of power; from greed of gain;  
From pride that will not brook restraint;

From jealousy; from hatred vile  
That seeks revenge for fancied wrongs,  
And scorns submission to a just  
And righteous Judge.

Where national life is honey-combed  
And weakened by these germs of death,  
A tiny spark will quickly spread  
Into a roaring holocaust.

War's fever strikes officials high  
And courses through the nation's veins;  
Crowned rulers lightly cast aside  
The solemn treaties they have made  
To honor and respect the rights  
Of other nations everywhere.

Yea, sacred pledges now are but  
As "paper scraps" flung to the wind.  
A call goes forth, "To arms! to arms!  
Arise, defend the fatherland!"

A change comes o'er the soldier's dreams;  
No more his life a dress parade;  
His manhood sold—war's dupes and slaves  
A million strong are hurled against  
Another nation's millions who  
Likewise, defend their fatherland,  
All fight to save **their** fatherland!

Now heaven's command, "Thou shalt not kill,"  
Becomes a "scrap of paper" too;  
All Christian virtues must be crushed;  
The sense of right and wrong ignored,  
And Love replaced by Hate.

With such conditions, how  
Shall mortal man describe the scene  
Or pen portray the hellish work  
On battle fields where cannons pour  
A metal hail that mows the ranks  
Of thousands in a moment's time;  
Where bursting shells rend earth and sky  
And fast repeating rifles hurl  
Death-dealing missiles everywhere,  
Until the ground is thickly strewn  
With mangled human forms; Yea heaps on heaps  
The dead and wounded mingled lie,  
While shrieks and groans of dying men  
Find echo in their far-off homes  
In widow's moans and orphans' wails  
With none to comfort or console.

O horrid monster War!  
In vain would we enumerate  
The crimes committed in thy name.  
Satan himself could scarcely boast  
Infernal schemes of wider range:  
Thy dreadful dreadnaughts threaten all  
Who dare oppose them on the seas;  
'Neath ocean waves and in the air  
As well as on the fruitful land  
Thy instruments of death combine  
To ruin and destroy the works  
Of peace and smiling industry.  
Cathedrals built to worship God  
Cannot escape thy wrath. The homes

Of poverty and wealth alike  
 With fire and sword thou dost assail.  
 Disease and death thy handmaids are,  
 And famine follows in thy wake.

Whate'er the ravages of war,  
 Or whence the victor's shouts may rise,  
 How diverse the effect must be  
 In spiritual realms where all the powers  
 Of good and evil stand unmixed,  
 Each by itself eternally;  
 While heaven's holy angels weep  
 Hell's demons dance in ghoulish glee!  
 From war, Lord, save us evermore!  
 Jan., 1915.

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### RIGHT TRIUMPHANT\*

---

"This world is growing worse," you say;  
 "It's wickedness hath frightful grown;  
 The good old days have passed away,  
 The evil days are coming on."  
 Some say 'tis worse than e'er before!  
 For man a curse must be in store!

Please hold, my friends, your words mislead,  
 Reflect a moment—for 'tis plain,

---

\*The writer does not claim to understand all "unfulfilled prophecy;" and he does not pretend to be able to explain just **how** and **when** the "Millennium" will be brought about; but he does believe that all the promises in God's Word will some time and in some way be literally fulfilled.

If what you say is true indeed  
Then Christ our Savior died in vain:  
Man to reclaim and save from sin  
Christ Jesus came—can He not win?

God loved the world and gave His Son  
To save mankind from sin and death;  
The work of grace long since begun  
Progresses still at every breath.  
In God's own time earth shall be freed  
From every crime and sinful deed.

You say the world increases more  
In wickedness and fearful crimes;  
Look back, my friends, to days of yore,  
Compare our own with former times:  
Read hist'ry's page, for there 'tis shown  
No brighter age was ever known.

Would you exchange our present days  
For those in which brave Stephen died?  
At once conform to Jewish ways  
Or else be stoned or crucified?  
Would you prefer old Jewish laws  
To modern courts with all their flaws?

Would you give up your books and schools  
And live in ignorance as slaves?—  
Submit to bloody Nero's rules  
Or find in beasts of prey your graves?

Which would you choose, Rome's ancient  
power  
Or freedom of the present hour?

Again, would you go back to live  
In days when inquisitions throve,  
And at the stake be burned alive  
Because the Christian faith you love?  
Or if to die you courage lack  
Your faith deny upon the rack?

Or tell me, please, would you prefer  
The "good old days" of feudal power  
When trials by fire "good customs" were,  
And every homestead reared its tower?  
When lands and laws were held by lords  
Who plead their cause with spears and  
swords?

And yet again, would you exchange  
Our present times for others when  
Dark superstitions—witchcraft strange—  
Formed the belief of many men?—  
When women were both hung and drown'd  
Although no crime in them was found?

True, there are evils in our age  
Which all true Christians must deplore,  
'Gainst which good men are called to wage  
A Christian warfare as of yore;

But truth is strong and must prevail,—  
God's righteous purpose cannot fail.

Immortal light is breaking through  
Since Jesus' resurrection hour;  
Improved conditions here are due  
To our Redeemer's wondrous power.  
Whoever then denies the same  
His words defame the Savior's name.

Not Evolution's utmost height  
Nor Culture's brightest aim  
Can Earth restore from Satan's blight  
Or man from sin reclaim.  
The Judge of all the Earth alone  
Knows when and how His work is done.

Though Evil may predominate,  
Or for a time prevail,  
Good can await the ultimate.—  
God's triumph cannot fail:  
His over-ruling power can  
Bring praise e'en through the wrath of man.

And truly grateful should we be  
That we are living in a time  
When men to worship God are free,  
Which proves the Gospel's march sublime:  
And onward still the ages run  
Till God's own will on earth is done.

As we look back to ages past,  
 And shudder at man's darkened days  
 So men in future times will cast  
 A look on our "enlightened ways,"—  
 Surprised indeed that **Christians** could  
 In battle shed each other's blood!

Each changing season nearer brings  
 The blissful time which shall restore  
 Our race from all its wanderings,  
 When feuds and wars shall be no more,—  
 When Satan and his hosts are slain  
 And Love sublime alone shall reign.

Sectarian strife must be o'erthrown,—  
 Religious controversies cease.  
 One Shepherd and one flock alone  
 Shall dwell upon the earth in peace.  
 All nations fall before God's throne;  
 Earth's kingdoms all become His own!

---

### WHAT IS TRUE GREATNESS?

---

The world has pointed to her heartless conquerors,  
 To those who ruined States themselves to ele-  
 vate,  
 Whose life-work formed a long and bloody list of  
 wars,  
 And praised their wicked deeds and called them  
 great.



And shall we now, who love the Blessed Prince of  
Peace,

Look with indifference on this shameful wrong?  
Nor raise our voices 'till such misplaced praise  
shall cease,

And deeds of blood be placed where they belong?

'Shall we bestow high honors on the sons of Mars  
Who plunge the world in anarchy and crime?

**The pure** whose actions teach the world to cease  
from wars,

**They** shall be honored to the end of time.

No Alexander shall our hearty praises win,

Nor do we covet bloody Caesar's fame;

But those whose noble aim shall be to conquer sin,

They only shall receive a glorious name.

True greatness lieth not in killing fellow men;

No! let the world her verdict now unsay:

The greatest One this world has ever seen—

His mission was to save and not to slay.

**The truly great** are those whose faith ne'er waxeth  
dim

When trials come and Satan's wiles molest;

Who murmur not but faithfully abide in Him,

Who leads them on to victory and rest.

The humble soul that can his brother's wrongs forgive,  
 And follow still his Master's footsteps when  
 Scorned and despised by those who for vainglory  
 live,  
 Deserves a name among the greatest men.

And no more shall we call that human being great  
 Whose glory is in battle men to slay,  
 But holy men, whose hearts are free from sinful  
 hate,  
 Will find a name that cannot pass away.

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**THE QUAKER MAIDEN'S LAMENT;**  
 or,  
**THE CRUEL WORK OF WAR**

---

Founded on an incident that occurred in North Carolina during the American Civil War.

The cruel work of War  
 I never can forget,  
 For life was bright and full of light  
 Before my sun had set.  
 But now I'm all alone,  
 My life is full of fears,  
 For I have here no mother dear  
 To kiss away my tears.

My father too is gone.  
 He was so good and kind;

He taught me to be kind and true,—  
God's holy Book to mind.  
And often he would read  
What Christ has said and done,—  
'Twas not **His** will that we should kill  
Or injure any one.

But cruel soldiers came  
And bound my father dear  
They took him from our happy home,—  
Then all was dark and drear.  
When mother's sickness came  
The doctor could not save;  
The sexton said that she was laid  
Within a pauper's grave.

The war is over now  
But father has not come;  
The soldiers said that he was laid  
Within a coward's tomb.  
They say this wrong because  
Dear father would not fight:  
'Twas not his will at all to kill,—  
He meant to do the right.

O have the soldiers then  
No holy Book to read,  
To teach them to be kind and true,  
And shun each cruel deed?  
You say they have the Book,—  
It can not be the same;

They could not do war's deeds I know  
 In Jesus' holy name!

Dear Savior, take my hand;  
 Keep, guide and comfort me.  
 I know I am thy little lamb;  
 O take me home to thee.  
 And then no more alone  
 An orphan sad I'll roam;  
 With parents dear and angels fair  
 I'll find a peaceful home.

---

### THE CHRISTIAN'S ONLY FOE;

#### A Reply to Ernst Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate"

---

(While the poem here referred to is generally known as "Germany's Hymn of Hate," it would evidently be unjust to judge the whole German nation by the hasty expression of one individual, especially since we are told that the author himself now regrets that he wrote it. On the other hand, while we may not all be able to make the sentiments embodied in "The Christians' Only Foe" **our own**, no one will deny that the ideal Church of Christ, judging by the teachings of the New Testament and the example of the primitive Christians, can never accept a lower standard.)

Whatever your race or country may be  
 We never shall act as your enemy.  
 You may treat us well, you may treat us ill,  
 As your fellow men, we will love you still.

War's cannon and swords we use them not—  
"A kiss for a blow," but never a shot!  
As citizens of a heavenly state,  
We have but one and only hate.  
We love all men, we hate but one;  
We have one foe, and one alone.

He's known to you all; yes, known to you all;  
Full of envy and rage, of craft and gall.  
Arch enemy of the whole human race,  
He is doomed to stand at God's judgment place.  
Come hear the word, repeat the word,  
Throughout the world let it be heard:  
We're pledged to fight our only foe,  
Author of sin, of strife and of woe.  
We love all men, we hate but one,  
We have one foe and one alone—**Satan!**

His aim is the good and the pure to slay  
And capture the souls of men for his prey.  
Then listen, O people, wherever you stand,  
Whatever your language, nation or land:  
All men must fight our common foe  
Or share his doom—eternal woe!  
Then fight not men with bronze and steel—  
Let God His love in you reveal.  
We love all men, we hate but one;  
We have one foe and one alone—**Satan!**

O mortals of earth, by Satan betrayed  
 Men rise against men, for battle arrayed,  
 As murderous foes, regarding not sin,  
 Forgetting the foe they harbor within!

The only foe we're called to fight  
 Knows naught of Love, regards not Right.  
 We fight not men with bronze and steel,  
 But come with love your wounds to heal.  
 We love all men, we hate but one;  
 We have one foe and one alone—Satan!

Our God will avenge the wrongs we endure  
 While faithful we labor and pray for the poor  
 Weak mortals who think themselves mighty **and**  
 strong,

And able to judge and avenge every wrong.  
 For vengeance or for worldly gain  
 No human blood our hands shall stain.  
 We kill not men in carnal strife,  
 But wish for all eternal life.  
 We love all men, we hate but one;  
 We have one foe and one alone—Satan!

World-patriots we, one Sovereign Divine  
 Reigns over us all, no boundary line  
 With fortifications is needed to show  
 Whom to greet as a friend or to fight as a **foe**:

We sympathize with one and all,  
 In humblest cot or regal hall.  
 We fight not men to maim and kill,  
 But wish for all peace and good will.

We love all men, we hate but one;  
We have one foe and one alone—Satan!  
Dec., 1915.

Written at the time of the great European War.

---

### BE KIND TO THE LIVING

---

Be kind to the living, be kind to the living,  
Ere the cold clods of earth o'er their coffins are  
spread,—

To those that are near thee be mild and forgiving  
But waste not thy flattering words on the dead.

Be kind to the living. Why heap with abuse

Poor, sensitive, suffering mortals, I pray,—

And then load them with praise as soon as they  
lose

The power of hearing a word that you say!

Be kind to the living; let wrongs be forgiven

While those who have injured thee stand by thy  
side:

Sweet words of forgiveness, oh let them be given

Ere the penitent soul has crossed the dark tide.

Be kind to the living; high tombstones can ne'er

Make amends for harsh treatment bestowed in  
the past;

Nor eulogies grandest atone for the sneer,

Or word of derision in mem'ry held fast.

Be kind to the living. Earth's flowers were given

To comfort and brighten our pilgrimage here;

When earth-life's exchanged for hades or heaven  
 Too late then to deck with flowers the bier.  
 Sweet flowers of kindness earth's burdens will  
 lighten  
 If daily their fragrance is breathed in the air;  
 Then leave not unspoken the word that may  
 brighten  
 A life that is clouded with gloom and despair

No matter what others are doing or saying,  
 Be kind while thy friends yet around thee are  
 seen;

When life has departed and forms are decaying  
 They'll give thee no thanks for thy sorrow, I  
 ween.

Be kind to the living wherever you go,  
 Death to thee then will lose one-half of its dread;  
 For no tears of remorse in bitterness flow  
 Where love is the motive by which men are led.

---

### OUR COUNTRY'S SHAME

---

An evil great abideth here,  
 In this God-favored nation;  
 A baneful thing; both far and near  
 It spreadeth devastation:  
 A tyrant reigns, and thousands bow  
 In slavish subjugation  
 While chains are forged whereby they're dragged  
 To vilest degradation.



With shameless face he stalks abroad,  
A mocker by profession;  
Defying God's most sacred laws,  
A foe to man's progression.  
He robs the poor, deludes and bribes  
The highest functionary,—  
His works declare he is in truth  
The Devil's emissary.

This tyrant ruleth not alone,  
He hath a willing ally  
Who shareth his Satanic throne:  
Together forth they sally.  
A train of woes lies hard behind.  
They give the kiss of treason,  
Then pounce upon the sons of men  
In an unguarded season.

King Alcohol, this tyrant's name,  
Prince Nicotine, his ally;  
Their work the same, their every aim  
And tendency must tally,  
They slowly lead their victims first  
To bondage and submission,  
Then hold them on the downward grade  
That tendeth to perdition.

They blind the weak and stupefy  
The brightest sons of learning;

And at their shrine behold the wealth  
 And lives of millions burning!  
 The one supplieth fuel dry,  
 The other addeth fire,  
 Together then they feed the flames  
 And build the horrid pyre!

Hark! hearest thou the orphan's cry,  
 The widow's wail of sorrow,  
 As fathers, sons and husbands fall,  
 Pierced by Rum's fatal arrow?  
 Where is our boasted freedom now,  
 The hope of former ages?  
 While drunkard makers ply their trade  
 And share with us their wages!

Arise! O Church of God! arise;  
 With Christian weapons rally;  
 Dethrone the monster Alcohol  
 Nor spare his subtle ally.  
 And let your battle cry be heard  
 Resounding through the nation:  
**True Holiness unto the Lord,—**  
**Man's real emancipation!**

Pass customs old, scorn bribes of gold,  
 Spurn compromising offers;  
 Let not immortal souls be sold  
 To fill the nation's coffers.  
 Not through the skill or power of man  
 Is vict'ry fully given,

But by the Spirit of the Lord,—  
    **Man in accord with Heaven.**  
    1914.

---

### THE LITTLE BROOK'S SONG

---

“Tinkle-te-tinkle.” What is it I hear?  
A laughing wee brooklet, so sparkling and clear;  
In sunshine and shadow it dances along  
And ever keeps singing its cold-water song.

“Tinkle-te-tinkle,” from the mountain it glides,  
While ever and anon in a cavern it hides.  
’Though rocks rise before it still onward right on  
It ever keeps singing its cold water song.

Soon down in the meadow more softly it flows,  
Where cowslips are blooming and green pasture  
    grows,  
It pauses a while then again hurries on  
To the tune of its merriest cold-water song.

“Tinkle-te-tinkle” to the robin it sings  
He hears its sweet voice, now he closes his wings;  
He stoops for a drink, again he is gone  
But I hear his voice join in the cold-water song:

“Come drink all ye birdies ’tween the earth and  
    skies,  
And man I invite to the fount where I rise,

Drink only pure water, be healthy and strong,  
Then thank me you will for my cold-water song."  
1872.

---

### DEFY LIFE'S STORMS

---

Blow, winds, blow!  
Bend ye the leafless trees,  
Yea whistle through the tender twigs,  
And cause the sap to freeze!

Blow, winds, blow!  
And sweep adown the street;  
Blockade my path and fill my eyes,  
With cruel snow and sleet!

Howl, winds, howl!  
Howl 'round me as you will;  
Though storms assail on every side,  
I'll find true comfort still.

Roll, waves, roll!  
Waves of affliction roll;  
Ye may engulf my "earthly house,"  
Ye cannot quench my soul.

Rage, storms, rage!  
And wear my frame to dust;  
Despise me all ye "summer friends,"  
I have a higher trust.

\* \* \* \*

Fear not life's storms  
 But only do God's will;  
 Storms lose their dread when Christ is near  
 To whisper "peace be still."  
 Foes may arise,  
 And howling storms assail,  
 The star of hope breaks through the clouds,  
 See, truth and right prevail!  
 1875.

---

### LIVING

---

Life spontaneous, full and free,  
 Rests not on the things we see.  
 What we gain and what we hold,  
 Purchased in earth's mart with gold,  
 Can not life's real worth enhance  
 Or its highest claims advance.

Springs of action hidden quite,  
 And unknown to human sight,  
 Wheels of daily living move  
 And for good or evil prove  
 Deeds that openly appear  
 On life's dial plain and clear.

Cares of life that fill the day  
 Leave no time to watch and pray.  
 Great possessions heaping high  
 Selfish lusts to gratify—

This is but a living death—  
And a waste of life and breath.

Plants by growing life express;  
Men by doing faith confess.  
By our faith we live or die  
As life's days are going by.  
By our actions, right or wrong,  
Life we shorten or prolong.

As the sun by shining gives  
Light to everything that lives,  
If the life within is right,  
We may be as rays of light  
Unto others near and far  
Just by living what we are.

Life is giving and we live  
In proportion as we give  
Unto others of our best—  
Blessing others, we are blest:  
Life abundant, full and free—  
Living for eternity.

---

### THE SIMPLE LIFE

---

We talk about the simple life,  
And think we're very plain,  
But if some simple little child  
Should ask us to explain—

Tell how that simple life in us  
By others may be seen—  
We'd hesitate—and hardly know  
Just what we really mean.

The Pharisee makes rigid rules  
To keep himself "in line,"  
He substitutes for inward truth  
Mere outward form—in fine,  
He complicates the simplest things—  
Does some "good work," and then  
A trumpet sounds in order that  
He may be seen of men.

By "putting on" we may appear  
To be what we pretend;  
Men may deceive and be deceived,  
But God foresees the end.  
'Tis plain we cannot live a life  
That we do not possess;  
God sees and knows us as we are,  
And not as we profess.

We read of One, despised of men,  
A lowly Nazarene,  
Who through the common things of life  
Made known the things unseen.  
Along the shores of Galilee,  
O'er hills, through verdant fields,  
He walked and called attention to  
The lessons nature yields.

He points us to the lilies fair,  
How they in beauty grow,  
How e'en the birds, so free from care,  
God's love and wisdom show:  
No vain display or false pretense,  
Just filling God's design  
As sun and moon and twinkling stars  
Exist and simply shine.

As little children we must be  
In order that we may  
Learn from our heavenly Teacher how  
To walk the narrow way.  
As little children, free from guile,  
Seeking our Father's will,  
Then, guided by His loving hand,  
Creation's purpose fill.

The simple life that Jesus lived  
Was Truth personified.  
Where real simplicity exists  
Truth cannot be denied.  
To talk of one's humility  
Denotes the rankest pride;  
The plain and simple life has naught  
To boast of or to hide.

Beyond compare, divinely fair,  
The Truth, the Life, the Way;  
The only Life that ever lived  
Pure, open as the day.



He spoke the words of life because  
He was Himself the Word,  
And with authority He taught  
Truths men had never heard.

How beautiful the simple life,  
That Jesus lived and taught;  
**Spontaneous doing of the right,**  
**Without Law's must or ought.**  
His meat and drink to do God's will—  
And only thus may we,  
Partakers of the Christ-life—live  
In true simplicity.

---

### SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL

---

Have you seen the soft wind playing  
O'er a field of growing grain?  
Have you seen the zigzag lightning  
'Mong the clouds so dark with rain?  
Have you seen the summer showers  
Falling on the thirsty earth?  
Have you seen the happy household  
Gathered round the peaceful hearth?  
  
Have you seen the spring birds flitting  
'Mong the blooming apple trees?  
Have you seen a field of clover  
Full of honey-seeking bees?  
Have you seen the opening roses  
In the fragrant month of June?

Have you seen the smiling infant  
Pointing toward the placid moon?

Have you seen the gentle maiden  
With blue eyes and wavy hair?  
Have you seen her plucking flowers  
For another one as fair?  
Have you seen a group of children  
Picking berries on the hill?  
Have you seen the starry heavens  
When the midnight air was still?

Have you seen the buoyant vessel  
Riding on the silvery waves?  
Have you seen the towering mountain  
Whose green foot the river laves?  
Have you seen the rainbow's colors  
When the evening storm passed by?  
Have you seen the quivering oak-leaves  
Pictured 'gainst the sunset sky?

Have you seen a field of tender,  
Tasseling maize, with silken ears?  
Have you seen a friend that's faithful  
When adversity appears?  
Have you seen a strong and true man  
Who loved God with all his heart?  
And beheld him loving woman  
With a love devoid of art?

Have you seen a congregation  
Of true Christians, full of love—  
All harmoniously united  
To obey their King above?  
If you **have** seen one or many  
Of these things, and given heed,  
You have seen that which is very,  
Very beautiful indeed.

---

### FRIENDSHIP

---

“Ye are my friends.”—Jesus.

O tell me not that friendship's ties  
Are frail and doomed to sever;  
True friendship every storm defies  
And lives and blooms forever.

False friends, like fickle butterflies,  
Are near in sunny weather;  
Their sickly friendship quickly dies  
When storms around us gather.

When trials come true friendship's ties  
Increase in loving power:  
United hearts e'er ways devise  
To light the darkest hour.

Kind reader, did'st thou ever taste  
The bitter fruits that follow

When confidence has been misplaced,  
And friends prove false and hollow?

Grieve not for such, the sacred name  
Of Friend belongeth never  
To one so heartless—void of shame,  
Affection's bonds to sever.

'Mong friends deserving of the name  
Affection ever bideth ;  
Sunshine or storm, they're still the same,  
Nor death the bond divideth.

May Friendship true life's joys combine  
Our burdens here to lighten ;  
That Faith may grow and Love divine  
Our pathway ever brighten.

---

### THE KING'S ROSE

---

In France and Prussia's cruel war  
An incident took place,  
Which I'll relate because it yields  
A purer, lovelier grace  
Than incidents are wont to show  
When men to brutes are turned,  
Or where their finer feelings on  
Mars' altar must be burned.

One bloody day a soldier fell,—  
A German soldier brave ;

His comrades fled and left him thus  
Fast sinking to the grave.  
But when that day's dread work was done  
French peasants found him there  
Who kindly bore him from the field,  
And dressed his wounds with care.

Early next morn to his bedside  
An opening rose was brought;  
Its fragrant beauty cheered him so,  
His wounds he quite forgot.  
Though he was greatly pleased thereby  
He kept it not alone  
But straightway sent it to his king,—  
And thus his love was shown.

You say this was a "trifling gift."—  
A Rose for Prussia's king!  
But mark, the king accepts it as  
A royal offering:  
He wore this rose upon his breast  
Where'er his kingship went,  
And many heard him proudly tell  
By whom it had been sent.

Meantime the soldier's nurses kind  
Had labored not in vain,  
For soon their generous work of love  
Brought back his strength again.  
Now, Berlin was his native place,  
When thither he returned,

Lo! roses fair bedecked his home—  
A lesson thus he learned.

This story true to us likewise  
A fitting lesson brings:—  
We have a heavenly King who sees,  
And marks the **little things**.  
“A cup of water” in his name  
Rightly bestowed, we see  
Has promise of a sure reward  
Through all eternity.

O! men despise not little things,  
Let each do what he can;—  
The widow who had but “two mites”  
Gave more than any man!  
A little deed of love dropped here,  
A little kind word there,  
When we are called before our King  
Will count as jewels rare.

---

### ODE TO THE ROSE

---

Rose, Queen of the Flowers, a song now to thee  
My heart with true gladness would sing!  
For, in spite of the thorns, thou bringest to me  
Perfumes that no other can bring.

Whether cultured by man with the tenderest care,  
Or blooming in Nature's own grove,

Still in beauty arrayed so modest and fair,  
 An emblem of Peace and of Love.

When the hand of affection hath sent me a Rose,  
 Like a missive of tenderest things,  
 It doth the sure token of friendship disclose,  
 And toucheth the heart's secret springs.

Whether dressed in the red, the yellow or pink,  
 Or in white, so pure and so fair,  
 The Roses beloved, to myself I oft think,  
 A smile from lost Eden do wear.

Bloom on, dearest Rose, let thy beautiful smile  
 Be freely bestowed upon all:—  
 Both the rich and the poor thou teachest the while  
 To follow sweet purity's call.

Stern Autumn may snatch all thy blossoms away,  
 And scatter thy leaves too, I ween,—  
 Soon Springtime returns with the robin's sweet lay  
 And calls thee to reign as the Queen.

---

### FASTENINGS

---

We live in an age of wires and strings,  
 And other devices for fastening things.  
 High fences and strong are built as a line  
 Or boundary mark, to bar or confine.  
 Yet often we see men looking for gaps  
 Or flaws in a fence, still hoping, perhaps,  
 Some scheme to invent whereby they might gain  
 The vict'ry over all things that restrain.

Some things that we think are fastened to stay  
Are often unfastened the very same day.  
And things that were better not fastened at all,  
United remain like a concreted wall.  
Fair promises often are left unredeemed,  
And written agreements but lightly esteemed;  
While habits that dwarf, corrupt and congeal,  
Are binding as fetters of brass and of steel.

E'en conjugal knots are often untied;  
Things fastened with oaths asunder divide.  
But customs of old, though good in their day,  
Now quite out of date, are anchored to stay.  
Dame Fashion enslaves, bewitches and binds  
With shackles that hold the hearts and the minds:  
Of millions who bow her bidding to do,—  
Preferring the false to that which is true.

Unequally yoked are many today;  
Entangling alliances lead them away  
From principles true and ways that are right,  
While worldly pursuits becloud heaven's light.  
More grievous the yoke false leaders oft bind  
On consciences weak once truly inclined  
To follow God's highest spiritual light,  
Unclouded by human perversions of right.

The man who will do what he knows to be right,  
Without being bound by the Law's legal might,



Is always preferred to one who must know  
How much is allowed—how far he dare go:  
Like the cow at the end of a rope or a chain  
That's tied to a stake in a field or a lane.  
Will try first how far she is able to go,  
And whether restrictions must hold her just so.

A mule may not go till the lash is applied,  
Nor stand where he's placed unless he is tied,  
But halters and whips are not for the man  
Whose aim is to do the best that he can.  
You know where to find the man that is true,  
Though fences are down and the landmarks are  
few;  
He's always the same wherever he's tried—  
**The man that will stand without being tied!**

---

## SNOWFLAKES AND FLOWERS

---

O'er hill and plain wherever I look  
Snow's beautiful flakes deck ev'ry nook;  
See! how they flit and hove around, then softly,  
softly settle down.  
Why do they descend—these flakes of snow,  
And whiten every object so?  
To shield the many tender plants and clothe the  
earth now frozen brown.  
Jack Frost sealed many a flower's doom:  
The rootlets now are hid;

They'll spring forth again with leaf and bloom,  
Soon, at their Maker's bid.

Boreas sways the leafless trees  
And whirls the snow o'er lands and seas!  
Our gardens and our fields are white, no growing  
plants are to be seen.

But winter's reign will soon be o'er;  
Sweet, smiling spring will come once more,  
And with its breath break icy bands and clothe the  
earth in living green.

Our daisies and our violets now  
All sleep beneath the snow;  
They're sleeping—but to wake again  
When balmy spring-winds blow.

And many a precious little seed  
Down in its snowy tomb is hid;  
It sleepeth only—'tis not dead—from it will spring  
the future tree.

True, now they're hidden from our eyes;  
The future comes, time onward hies,  
And soon we'll know how true it is, things are **not**  
as they seem to be.

Though **now** the earth be wrapped in white,  
Stern winter reigns supreme today—  
Another scene will greet our sight  
When spring time brings permissive May.

**SPRING**

---

Spring has come! Spring has come!  
Welcome bright and happy day!  
Glittering ice-fields are no more;  
Snow-clad scenes have passed away.

Spring has come, Spring has come!  
See the glorious sunbeams play  
O'er the landscape fresh and warm,  
Just released from Winter's sway.

Spring has come, Spring has come!  
Nature's heart now throbs with glee;  
Hark! the blue bird's merry song  
Fills the air with ecstasy.

Spring has come, Spring has come!  
Now revives the dormant earth;  
Soon the flowers' sweet perfume  
Will announce their happy birth.

Spring has come, Spring has come!  
Now let gloomy thoughts depart.  
Lambkins skip and birdies sing,  
Joyous raptures thrill each heart.

Spring has come, Spring has come!  
Balmy breezes bring good cheer;  
For a long cold Winter's gone  
And the happy Spring is here!

THE BLESSINGS OF TODAY

---

How oft we miss the blessings  
The present has in store  
Because with hearts ungrateful  
We look and long for more;  
The good in our possession  
Can scant enjoyment bring  
While selfishly we covet  
Some far-off better thing.  
The sweetest heavenly manna,  
Sent for our use today,  
When hoarded for tomorrow  
Turns bitter with decay.

'Tis not in idle dreaming  
While sitting by the way  
Of things beyond our vision—  
Some far-off future day,  
That we can find enjoyment  
That's true, and lasting, too:  
We'll find the future richest  
If to the present true.  
'Tis in the living present  
That we must truly live,  
And to the task before us  
Our best endeavors give.

If we would be a blessing  
To friends around us here,  
And share with them the sunshine  
Of gladness and good cheer,  
We must in sweet contentment  
Enjoy our little store  
Of treasures or possessions;  
Nor always wish for more;  
Regard the good of others  
We meet along the way,  
And use with true thanksgiving  
The blessings of today.

The vale of good intentions  
'Tween hills of purpose true  
Is not the place to loiter  
Though pleasant be the view;  
When we have gained the hilltops,  
With tasks well done below,  
The view will be still grander,  
And pleasures sweeter grow,  
Providing we now notice  
The flowers 'long the way,—  
Are thankful for the comforts  
And blessings of today.

**LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY**

---

Would you hold the key to knowledge,  
And unlock its treasures rare?  
Are you thirsting for true wisdom  
With its wealth of truth so fair?  
You may win the prize you're seeking  
In a safe and honest way,—  
You must conquer if you simply  
**Learn a little every day!**

Starting first from small beginnings,  
'Tis the **steady growth** that wins  
In life's battles here, no matter  
Where our "step by step" begins.  
If we yield our hearts to Satan,  
Step by step we're led astray;—  
All while here, in good or evil,  
Learn a little every day.

Not enough one day in seven  
To devote to heavenly things,  
For our tempter worketh daily;  
Every day its trials brings.  
And to counteract his teachings  
We must active be alway;  
And in all things good and noble  
Learn a little **every** day.

Every day is fraught with lessons,  
Youthful minds find daily food

In the teachings of surroundings—  
 Parents, are those teachings good?  
 “There’s no royal road to learning,”  
 But there is a better way—  
 Simply this—**In truth and goodness**  
**Learn a little every day.**

---

### NIL DESPERANDUM

(“Despair Not.”)

---

Nil Desperandum! Though clouds thick and dark  
 Are hovering o’er thy wave troubled bark—  
 Though dangers seem countless on life’s stormy  
 sea,  
 Let Nil Desperandum! thy motto still be.

Nil Desperandum! Calamities may  
 Sweep down like a deluge, sweet hope to allay,  
 Stand up and be firm for the truth evermore,  
 Bear bravely thy cross till life’s battles are o’er.

Nil Desperandum! Misfortune and pain  
 Can over thy spirit no victory gain  
 If thou art united to him that is true,—  
 No dangers so great but he’ll carry thee through.

Nil Desperandum! Temptations most sore  
 Are conquered through Jesus, then fear them no  
 more;  
 If thou art impelled by a love for the right,  
 Be calm for true faith will put Satan to flight.

Nil Desperandum! Though friendship may lose  
 Its fragrance and die; though loved ones refuse  
 To cheer thee and aid thee thy burdens to bear,  
 Let Christ be thy comfort—yield not to despair.

Nil Desperandum! Oh, why shouldst thou fear,  
 Since Jesus has promised to be ever near?  
 Invite His pure spirit to dwell in thy heart.  
 Despair then and sorrow must quickly depart.

---

### THE HOSPITAL NURSE\*

---

Tripping up and down the hall,  
 Pray, what does it mean,  
 While I lie so helpless here  
 Snowy sheets between?

Tripping up and down the hall,  
 Stopping here and there  
 To relieve the suffering ones  
 In her special care.

Tripping up and down the hall,  
 Stepping through my door,  
 Asking, "How're you feeling now?"  
 As she looks me o'er.

Taking pulse and temperature,  
 Noting symptoms all,

---

\*These lines came to my mind while lying in a hospital,  
 shortly after undergoing a serious surgical operation.



Skilled for needed services,  
 Be they great or small.

Out she passes through my door,  
 Off she trips again  
 Looking up another case'  
 In distress or pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

How noble is thy calling, nurse,  
 May God for service give thee grace;  
 No hospitals could be maintained  
 If **thou** should'st fail to fill thy place!  
 Then may thy ministrations all  
 In Jesus' precious name be given;  
 While serving thus Earth's suffering ones  
 Thou servest too the Lord of Heaven;  
 And shalt, for good now done to me,  
 As done to Him, rewarded be.

Jan. 17, 1915.

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### THE SWEETEST NAME

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In memory's chambers safely stored,  
 And hid from eyes profane,  
 A treasure lies that naught of Time's  
 Corroding hand can stain.  
 'Twas in the closing hours of day,  
 When evening light grows dim,  
 Our aged parent made request  
 To hear his favorite hymn:

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer’s ears;”  
And as we sang these precious words  
Our eyes were filled with tears,  
For well we knew our father’s days  
On earth were numbered quite;  
Scarce comprehending how that Name  
Could be his soul’s delight.

While memory lasts that scene remains  
Impressed upon our minds.  
Time hastens on and severed soon  
Is every tie that binds  
To things of earth;—how sad that some  
Must shed the bitterest tears  
Because they never knew the Name  
That “drives away our fears.”

Our family circle’s scattered far;  
Some have departed too  
To be forever with the Lord,  
Whose blessed Name they knew.  
And all have learned to love that Name,  
The sweetest and the best,  
As “manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.”

Oct. 10, 1916.

## IN MEMORY

Of our daughter Ella Elizabeth Yoder, who was called from our family circle Feb. 28, 1904, at the age of 14 years, 11 months and 1 day.

What a treasure heaven gave us  
When our daughter Ella came,  
As a sacred trust to cherish  
For a season in His name,—  
In the name of Him who giveth  
All that's beautiful and good;  
Though we never comprehended—  
Never fully understood!

For we meant to keep her with us,  
And enjoy her presence here  
While her helpful disposition  
Our declining days might cheer;  
And with intellect so vigorous,  
Quick to see and understand,  
She would labor for her Savior  
With a glad and willing hand.

Like a blossom full of promise,  
Withered by the chilling frost,  
So the body God had given  
All its youthful vigor lost.  
And her soul could find no pleasure  
In the things of time and space;  
Hence the Lord in mercy called her  
To a happier dwelling place.

Though our hearts are sorely wounded  
 And the parting made us sad,  
 Yet we know in heavenly mansions  
 Holy angels make her glad.  
 And we would not now recall her  
 To a life of grief and pain,  
 But rejoice to know up yonder  
 Soon we all shall meet again.

Brothers, sisters, and her parents,  
 Six in number here remain;  
 In our sorrow, blessed comfort,  
 Broken ties unite again:  
 Jesus is the resurrection,  
 Those who die in Him will meet,  
 Ne'er to part, in heavenly mansions  
 Where alone is life complete.

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### LITTLE MABEL\*

---

Little Mabel, heavenly blossom,  
 Sent to bloom a little while,  
 Now returned to Him who gave her,  
 How we miss her lovely smile!

---

\*In memory of our granddaughter, Mabel Rebecca, daughter of Levi J. and Amanda M. Shenk, whose body perished in the flames of her burning home, near Denbigh, Va., Nov. 26, 1912; aged 3 years, 1 month and 13 days.

Stilled the voice that like sweet music  
Helped to cheer us on our way;  
And the little feet that pattered  
In our presence day by day.

Mild and loving disposition,  
Showing sympathy for all;  
Pure emotions, sweet affection—  
Ah, we miss these most of all.

Why, O why? now comes the question,  
Why, O Lord, must these things be?  
To our bleeding hearts He answers,  
“Only be resigned to Me.”

Fiercest elements of nature  
Heavenly things can not destroy  
So for us life's fiery trials  
Naught consume but base alloy.

When our testing time is over—  
Faithful to the God of love—  
Loss on earth brings gain eternal  
In the realms of joy above.

### WHEN I AM GONE

---

When I am gone  
Will aught that I have said or done  
Still linger in the memory  
Of any one?

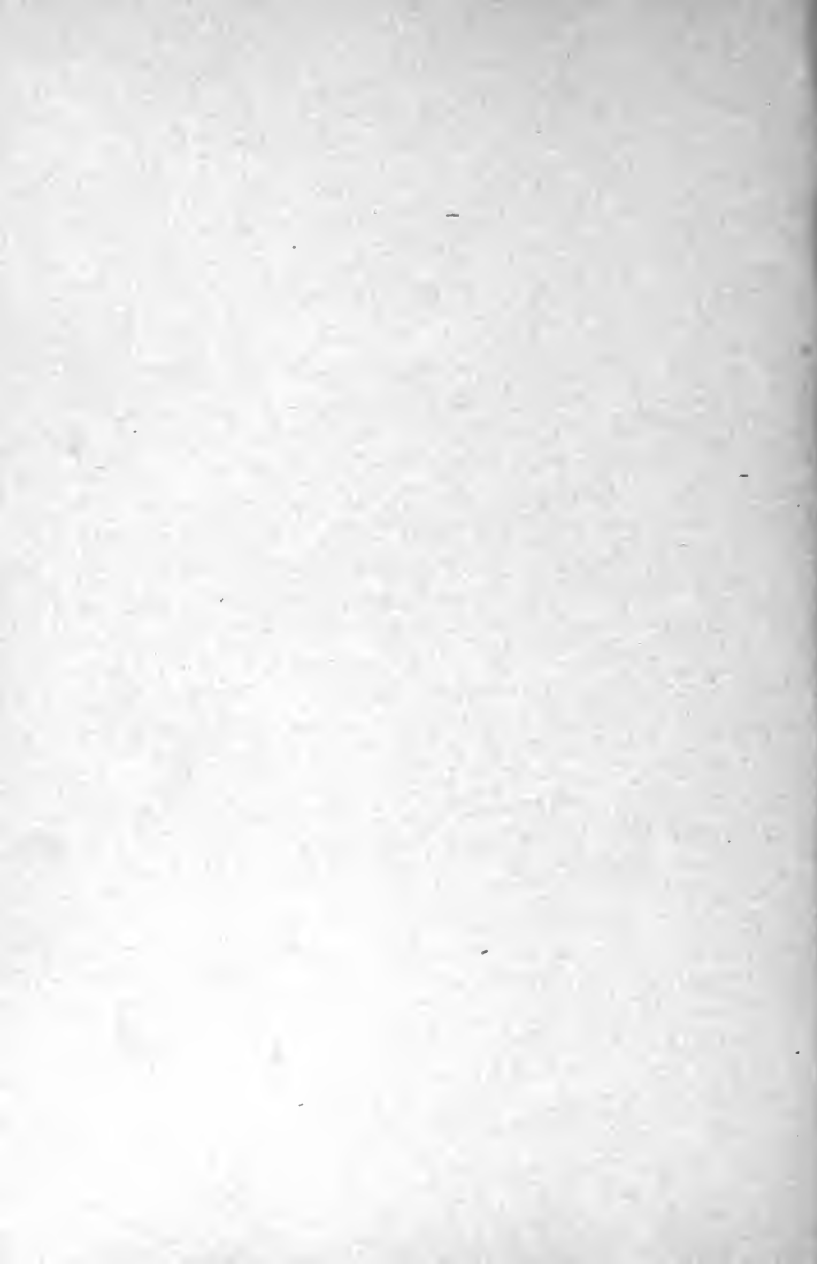
What then will be  
The thoughts of those who think of me  
While yet they breast the waves of life's  
Tempestuous sea?

Honor or shame—  
Soft words of praise, harsh words of blame,  
What then will move the lips of those  
Who speak my name?

May then be seen  
Some sweet memento, ever green,  
To cheer and strengthen those who walk  
Where I have been?

Life's labors done,  
The conflict o'er, the vict'ry won  
What influence will I leave behind  
When I am gone?

PART II  
**THOUGHTFUL PARAGRAPHS**





## FOREWORD

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Most of these "Thoughtful Paragraphs" were first published in **The Herald of Truth** under the heading of "Notes and Comments by Cephas." These notes were jotted down from time to time while the writer was engaged in the every day duties on his little farm, while driving to market, or while seated at the home fireside on stormy winter days and quiet evening hours. Thoughts copied from other writers are given credit as far as possible. As a certain writer says, "No thinking is entirely original. We all absorb ideas from what we hear and read as well as from what we see."

May every reader of these paragraphs absorb only that which is edifying and helpful is the sincere desire of  
THE AUTHOR.



## THOUGHTFUL PARAGRAPHS

### True Record

Four things a man must learn to do,  
If he would make his record true:  
To think without confusion, clearly;  
To love his fellow-men sincerely;  
To act from honest motives purely;  
To trust in God and heaven securely.—

Henry Van Dyke.

\* \* \*

### Charity

In all disputed questions, where different opinions are honestly held, what others may think, or what the writer of these "Paragraphs" may think, is not of as much importance as what the Word of God (**taken as a whole,**) has to say on the subject under consideration.

\* \* \*

### Pleasing God

We study the Bible in order that we may become better acquainted with its Author, and thus put ourselves in a better position to learn what He wants us to know, and also to understand what He wants us to do. But let us not make the mistake of "trying to please God by doing what we would like God to want us to do." We may even make

up our minds as to what the Bible ought to teach, and then quote isolated passages to prove that we are right.

\* \* \*

### Proving

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." There are many things in life that I cannot consistently prove or judge because they are quite beyond my comprehension; and as others no doubt must admit the same, would it not be wiser for us oftener to say, "I do not know," and not so often to condemn as "no good," or denounce as "foolish" what we do not understand or are unable to explain?

\* \* \*

### Holding Fast

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." If we use our judgment in discerning between the good and the evil, and then give our attention mostly to that which is evil, perhaps fastening our minds on the flaws in a good sermon we hear, we are apt to forget that which is good, and pervert Paul's good advice by **holding fast to that which is not good.**

\* \* \*

### Love

In this new century many wonderful discoveries and inventions will no doubt be made, but a greater "motive power" than Love will never be discovered. Love always prompts to action. If

that promising young man who asked the question, "What good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" had loved God with all his heart, mind, soul and strength, his greatest joy would have been in following Jesus, and in doing whatever God wanted him to do. But since he loved his "great possessions" more than he loved God, the "motive power" within him prompted him to go away from Christ and to do those things which would keep him very near to the object of his love. What we love most we serve best.

\* \* \*

### Faith

"Ask and ye shall receive." That rich young man asked for something which he was not prepared to receive. Many still ask and receive not because instead of stretching out open and empty hands to receive what God is ready to give for the asking, their hands are closed, being already so full of earthly things which they are unwilling to let go of, that they cannot grasp or hold heavenly gifts at the same time. Others ask and receive not because God knows that they would not make proper use of that for which they ask; and as a merciful Father He kindly withholds such things as would work to the injury of His children.

\* \* \*

### Giving

"Give and it shall be given unto you." Shine that others may have light and you shall have

more light yourself. Make proper use of your gifts and God will give you greater gifts. Comfort and encourage others and your own heart shall be strengthened and encouraged. Take up your cross on earth and receive a crown in heaven. That young ruler had an idea that he might have eternal life by doing some great good deed, but when he learned that a sacrifice was required,—a **giving up** of the love of riches before the love of **God** (the main spring of all good deeds) could find room in his heart, and that he must dispose of his earthly treasures, which absorbed his heart's affections, before he could have treasures in heaven, he went away sorrowful.

---

### Truth

Truth is truth wherever found,  
 In fruitful fields, or barren ground;  
 But he that would this treasure find  
 Must seek with an unbiased mind.

\* \* \*

### True Life

The best exposition of Gospel truth is a life that lives "by the faith of the Son of God."

\* \* \*

### Doubt

When in doubt as to what course to pursue the best way is to "stand still" until all doubt is

removed, and we can "walk in the light." "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

\* \* \*

### **Infinity**

My eyes can take in but a very insignificant part (comparatively speaking) of the material universe, but my finite mind can grasp or comprehend even a smaller proportion of God's infinite truth.

\* \* \*

### **Propriety**

Many perplexing questions confront us as individuals which every individual must decide for himself, with the help of God. A thing may be right for me to do at a certain time and place which would not be right for you to do on that occasion, or for me to do at some other time. "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind."

\* \* \*

### **Truth**

"What is truth?" This question was asked by a heathen nearly two thousand years ago who evidently did not wait for a reply. Many Christians in our time would receive a fuller reply to this question, and be able to comprehend more of God's eternal truth, if they would stop long enough to hear what God wants to tell them, and not be so anxious to hear the verdict of the people, nor spend so much time in finding out what others think is the truth.

### Common Sense

No man of good common sense would make it his business to pick up and turn over every board he sees on other people's premises, neither are we, as Christians, under obligations to listen to the "other side" on all subjects. To read infidel books for the purpose of seeing Christianity from the infidel's standpoint, would be as unwise as it would be to swallow strychnine in order to find out whether it is poisonous. "No man is bound to listen to the devil's arguments against God, or against the Church of God."

\* \* \*

### Both Sides

But,—did you ever see a board that had only one side? If you can give an intelligent description of such a board, we may be prepared to consider a question on which Christians differ that has only one side, or that can be seen only the way you and I see it. The "whole truth" can not be seen by any one who takes only a partial or one-sided view.

\* \* \*

### Point of View

Returning to the "board parable:" We see that boards are used for different purposes. A board that is part of a fence has two sides visible, but I can see only one side at a time, and I must change my position and look in the opposite direction before I can see the other side. The sun may



shine on my neighbor's side of the fence when my side is in the shade, or **vice versa**, and it would be very foolish in me to quarrel with my neighbor because we cannot look at other things as well as fence boards from the same point of view.

\* \* \*

### The Under Side

I once saw a broad board lying on the ground in my field partly hidden by grass and weeds growing up all around it. Only one side of the board was visible to human eyes. Of course I knew there was another side to be seen by turning it over, but I did not know just how that other side looked until I went to the trouble of raising the board and letting the sunlight under it. Then I found the lower side partly rotten, and the worms and bugs and other "creeping things" under the board squirmed around very much as if they wanted me to let them alone. The raising of the board was the "agitation" which the "subject" needed in order to get at the "truth." Agitation and investigation are apt to cause a disturbance which for the time being may not be very pleasant, since some men "love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil.

\* \* \*

### Let in the Light

We should not be so "one-sided" that we cannot conceive of the possibility of any one seeing things that we cannot see from our stand point,

and we should always be willing to change our position, or, if necessary, stop to "turn the board over" in order that we may see what is on the other side. But if we want to settle the matter by saying "there is only one side," and ask others to let us alone, it looks very much as if there might be "rotteness" somewhere, or perhaps some "creeping things" hidden under the "board" that we would rather not have uncovered. "For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God." (Jno. 3:20, 21.)

\* \* \*

### Appearances

"Beneath apparent zeal for truth, may be hidden a judging spirit or a subtle leaning to our own understanding. Beneath apparent Christian faithfulness may be hidden an absence of Christian love.—Hannah Whitall Smith.

---

### Purity

God is love, and He abideth  
 Only with the pure in heart,  
 Where no carnal strife divideth  
 Anxious souls with cruel art.  
 To the pure the pathway brightens  
 As they grow in Christian grace,  
 And the word of God enlightens  
 Till they see His smiling face.

### Purity

“Blessed are the pure in heart.” The unregenerated heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,” and no one can **make his own heart pure** by trying to think pure thoughts and speak pure words any more than he could cleanse a stream of water as long as its source is filthy. “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

\* \* \*

### Purity

“Create in me a clean heart, O God,” was David’s prayer, and this must be the prayer of every one who would have a pure heart. The new creature in Christ Jesus, “created unto good works” alone can bring forth out of a good heart pure thoughts and right purposes. “As a man thinketh **in his heart** so is he.”

\* \* \*

### Inner Life

“A man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,” but it does consist very largely in the thoughts and purposes that possess his heart and mind. What we seek with all our heart and mind becomes photographed, so to speak, on our inner self, and we grow more and more like unto that which we most ardently desire.

### Food and Exercise

Food and exercise are essential to the growth and strength of our bodies. We grow intellectually and spiritually by what we think, say and do. Our highest faculties must have food and exercise or they die and become a source of pestilence to our souls. There is no standing still. We must either go forward or backward in our spiritual life.

\* \* \*

### Heart Motives

"A really great mind always sees the reflection of its own greatness everywhere, just as a really good heart sees some of its own goodness reflected from the lives of all those with whom it comes in contact. Little minds despise little people and consider little things unworthy of their attention, and hearts that are altogether bad see only badness in other hearts."—J. D. Dougall. We might even have our attention so constantly fixed on the badness of the devil that we would fail to perceive the goodness of God.

\* \* \*

### Vision

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." That which is spiritual must be spiritually discerned. The scribes and Pharisees could not see the divinity of Christ because their hearts were "full of hypocrisy and wickedness." Their spiritual vision was so blurred and distorted, looking for evil, that they saw only evil where there

was no evil, because their eyes were evil. "But if thine eye be evil thy whole body (life) shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee (thy vision) be darkness, how great is that darkness."

\* \* \*

### Thoughts

Those who have their affections set on heavenly things must however keep their hearts "with all diligence;" remembering what it is that "defiles the man," and ever exercise their minds in things that are edifying and uplifting, even as Paul exhorted the Philippian brethren: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

\* \* \*

### Seeing God

Those whose hearts are right in the sight of God; who live with an eye single to the glory of God, can see Him in all the visible works of nature,—looking "through nature up to nature's God"—and with an eye of faith they behold Him in all His providences, and after the veil of flesh is removed they shall "see Him as He is."

### Lights and Shadows

Lights and shadows, ups and downs;  
Friendly smiles and angry frowns.  
Changing seasons, shifting scenes;  
Every variation means  
Something yet to be attained;  
Greater vict'ries to be gained:  
Some deep lesson yet unlearned,  
Crowns by crosses yet unearned.

\* \* \*

### Contrasts

Life is made up of light and darkness, of sunshine and shadow; of fair and cloudy weather. Uninterrupted sunshine would soon cause all vegetation to wither and die. Great faith is born of great trials, and strength of character is found only in those who have endured hardness as good soldiers.

\* \* \*

### Trials

If God's children are required to pass through severe trials and afflictions it is only that they may be made better thereby. We may pray to have the cup of suffering removed providing we can also say, "nevertheless not my will but thy will be done," and our heavenly Father will answer our prayer as will be best for us, either by removing the trial or giving us strength to hold out faithful to the end.

### **Bearing Reproach**

If it is my lot to suffer reproach because my convictions of right go counter to the wishes or opinions of some others, I must be very careful to live my convictions in the spirit of meekness and love, and not in a haughty and self-righteous way.

\* \* \*

### **Trials**

If we are faithful children of God, He will surely not require us to pass through any experience that will not "work together" for our good; and if we suffer for Christ's sake, or because we dare to live up to the best light that we have, while seeking for more light, what we thus endure with patience becomes for us but a stepping stone to a higher, a more glorious and blessed experience.

\* \* \*

### **Tested Friends**

"Prosperity makes friends, adversity tries them." When we repeat this old saying we are apt to think only of others who have not stood the test when we were overtaken by adversity. How about our friendship for those who were sorely in need of the encouragement that we could give? Have we been only "miserable comforters?"

\* \* \*

### **Afflictions**

It is not safe to regard worldly prosperity as a special mark of God's favor; neither should ex-

emption from sickness and suffering in all cases be looked upon as a reward for uprightness. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Because there was none found like Job, "perfect and upright, fearing God and eschewing evil," only the severest affliction could be a real test of his faithfulness.

\* \* \*

### Tests

"The trying of your faith worketh patience." Abraham was called the "friend of God," yet even he was subjected to the severest test, and since he endured the trial and "obtained a good report through faith," he will always be known as "the father of the faithful."

\* \* \*

### Life's Lesson

Our trials and troubles are no doubt often allowed to come upon us to teach us patience with and sympathy for others; but when we allow our troubles to make us selfish and morbid, and we become impatient because others do not keep their troubles hid from us, or do not consider them of little account compared with ours, the afflictions which were intended for our good only harden and contract us, and we lose their true meaning and the lesson which God meant to teach us. "All things work together for good (not to all, but) to them that love the Lord." "For our light affliction which is but for a moment (compared with eternity) worketh for us a far more exceeding and



eternal weight of glory, (only) while we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen."

---

### Charity

"Charity, heaven-born charity!  
Essence of all that is sweetest in time,  
Foretaste of bliss in eternity.  
The sum and substance of Christian life,  
Which finds expression in deeds of love—  
Merciful deeds, though done to the least  
Of the poor on earth, to be received  
And find reward as done unto Him  
Who in heaven is crowned the greatest."

\* \* \*

### Charity

Charity does not require us to call evil good or wrong right, but it does inspire us to return good for evil, and to labor and suffer, if necessary, to right that which is wrong.

\* \* \*

### Charity

Charity does not cause any one to ignore the written Word, but it does teach us not to judge or condemn others when they do not get the same lessons out of the Word that we do.

### Charity

What a monotonous world this would be if all its inhabitants looked exactly alike! There is as much difference in minds as there is in faces. If God had intended that the "many men of many minds" in this world should think alike on all subjects His Word would not teach us to have charity and forbearance, since there would then be no room for the exercise of these virtues.

\* \* \*

### Charity

It is possible for me to be so "worked up" over the uncharitable words and actions of others that my feelings towards the uncharitable will be anything but charitable.

\* \* \*

### Charity

I know an old man who says he has read the Bible through two hundred times, and yet now in his old age his want of charity for the mistakes and weaknesses of others, deprives him of a church home.

\* \* \*

### Charity

Charity never retaliates. It does not take vengeance on enemies nor pronounce a curse on persecuters, but instead prays, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

### Charity

The disciple's sense of justice may sometimes make it appear right for him to call down fire from heaven to consume the enemies of God, but Charity says, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of; for the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives but to save them."

\* \* \*

### Charity

While Charity never despises or belittles the law of God, yet because it "suffereth long and is kind," it is not in haste to inflict the severest penalty of the Law. Law says, "Cut down the unfruitful tree, why cumbereth it the ground?" Charity says, "Spare it yet another season; give it another chance after I have improved its general condition and given it more favorable environments."

\* \* \*

### Charity

If a pie is cut in the usual way there is a place in the centre of the plate where all the pieces meet; and if the pieces are all drawn back and away from this common centre, they also become separated from each other, and the "gap" between the pieces widens as they are drawn farther away from their common centre. In all church difficulties, where a cold and uncharitable feeling is driving the members farther apart, and there is danger of a division, the first step necessary to an

adjustment of the difficulty is for all the members to "draw nigh to God," and the nearer they come to God, their Common Centre, the nearer they will come to each other. Love for God can not be separated from love of our neighbor. All true children of God, who are really in touch with Him are also in touch with one another.

---

### Trust

Do thy duty, that is best;  
 Leave unto thy Lord the rest.

—Longfellow.

\* \* \*

### Consecration

We cannot serve God with what we have while we reserve anything that we are.

\* \* \*

### Pretense

A little boy was standing on the scales to be weighed. He stretched to his utmost height and puffed out his cheeks. "Why, Johnny," said his companion, "you cannot make yourself heavier. You weigh just what you are." Very true. God, our Weigh Master, knows what we are, and even our fellow men will find it out when we pretend to be what we are not.

\* \* \*

### Reputation

Whenever we become over-anxious about our reputation and think we must defend our good

name, or make some special effort to "show off" or "puff up" in order that people may think well of us, we are thinking more highly of ourselves than we ought to think; and in trying to appear "big," like the little boy on the scales, we belittle ourselves in the eyes of all right-thinking, sober-minded people.

\* \* \*

### Motive

If we have done anything worthy of praise or commendation, God knows it, and we can safely leave the matter with Him. To seek the praise of men rather than the praise of God, proves that our motive for doing what we think is worthy of praise was not good, then how could the deed itself be good?

\* \* \*

### Character and Reputation

It has been said that "reputation is what people think we are while character is what God knows us to be." When that Pharisee stood in the temple and "prayed with himself," it was not that God might know about his good deeds; but as he was praying to be seen of men, his object no doubt was to let the people about him know what a good man he was. This shows us how very foolish and inconsistent it is for a Christian professor to sound his own praises. "The moment we begin to speak of our humility there is none there."

### Reputation

We are sometimes very much concerned as to what others may think or say about us. We are afraid of being misunderstood or misrepresented, or perhaps not "duly honored." Let us seek the honor that comes from God only, knowing that He understands us, and so long as He finds us faithful in that which He has entrusted unto us, it matters little what men may think or say about us, we can still look up for His approving smile and say, "God knows."

\* \* \*

### Slander

"But," says one, "people have been talking so shamefully about me, I just cannot stand it any longer. Something must be done." What did Jesus do about it when people talked all manner of evil about Him, and even accused Him of having a devil and of casting out devils through the prince of devils? Imagine the Apostle Paul stopping his work of preaching the gospel and building up churches in order that he might prove that people had lied about him,—establish his own righteousness, or make himself of some reputation by tracing up the evil reports!

\* \* \*

### Shining

A friend once came to D. L. Moody and told him of how certain persons were peaking all manner of evil against him and his work. He

argued that the matter had now gone far enough and that it was time Moody took a hand in it in order to vindicate himself. Moody listened in silence for some time, then, with a gleam of humor in his eyes said in effect, "Did you ever hear of the dog that used to bark at the moon when it was shining its brightest? That dog used to bark and bark and bark, disturbing everybody in the neighborhood and making a nuisance of itself generally with its incessant noise. At last, what do you think it did? "Who, the dog?" "No, the moon. Why, the moon kept right on shining."—Sel.

\* \* \*

### Humility

Jesus of Nazareth "made himself of no reputation" but suffered everything that envious and wicked men could heap upon Him, even dying the most ignominious death at the hands of His enemies, yet God gave him a NAME that is above every other name.

---

### Life's Light

Your life is your light, and the flame it is fed  
 By pure thoughts, gentle words, kindly deeds;  
 And you bear it aloft as you live day by day  
 As the Spirit within you e'er leads.

**Fannie H. Cook.**

**Growth**

Life without growth and activity soon ends in death and decay.

\* \* \*

**Room**

Large-hearted and broad-minded people are not cramped for want of room on the narrow way that leads to life everlasting.

\* \* \*

**True Pleasure**

If our hearts are right in the sight of God, we cannot take pleasure in anything that is displeasing to Him.

\* \* \*

**Profession**

"Profession may be a lamp but the life lights it." The empty, unlighted lamp may satisfy those who prefer darkness to light; and practice iniquity while they profess piety.

\* \* \*

**Sons of God**

If we are living Christians, having within us the Life that is the light of men, we are sons and daughters of God in a higher sense than we are the sons and daughters of our earthly parents.

\* \* \*

**Opportunities**

Only by making proper use of our present limited opportunities and by being faithful in the little things that claim our attention and service



now, can we develop our lives and prepare ourselves for the future with its enlarged opportunities, greater privileges, and sweeter enjoyments.

\* \* \*

### **Food and Poison**

If we take any food into our stomachs that cannot be assimilated and used to build up our bodies, such food becomes a poison to us, and we lose our bodily health and vigor. The same is true in a spiritual sense. If we fill our minds with impure thoughts or desires, and evil imaginations; if we brood over wrongs, real or imaginary, and indulge in evil thinking, we are feeding on things that cannot build up the Christian life but instead will surely poison our souls and weaken us spiritually.

\* \* \*

### **Inner Life**

If on a cold, frosty winter morning we should see a man with pen-knife in hand trying to scratch the ice from the lights or panes of his window, with the temperature of his room at zero, and no fire in his stove, we would think him very foolish indeed. Would we not say "Start a roaring fire in your stove, raise the temperature of your room to the proper point, and the frost will disappear while you are engaged in more profitable work." Are not many trying to remove the frosty excrescences from that part of their lives which is seen from the outside without paying proper attention to the life

within? To such we would say, "Get the life of Christ in the soul; let the love of God and man burn in your heart, until its warmth permeates your whole being, and is felt by those who come in contact with you, then the evil traits and bad habits that now cling to you like frost to the window-pane, will melt away while you give expression to that love within you by serving your fellowmen in humility and self-forgetfulness, and your final reward may be with those to whom the Judge will say: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

---

### Trust

We bow, O Lord, submissively,  
 Because Thou knowest what is best;  
 The soul that fully trusts in Thee  
 Finds perfect peace and joy and rest.

\* \* \*

### Thankfulness

To be ungrateful is to be unhappy. Only those who "in everything give thanks," can "rejoice evermore."

\* \* \*

### Subjection

Without the subjection of our wills to God, and the enthronement of His love in our hearts, it is impossible to live a life that is acceptable to Him.

### Limiting God's Word

If I attempt to restrict the truth in any part of God's inspired Word to the limits of my own comprehension of it, I not only deceive myself, but what I say and do will have a misleading influence on others.

\* \* \*

### Sacrifice

A sense of duty may impel one to give of his possessions to the cause of Christ, but to offer one's self to His service requires love that constrains.

\* \* \*

### Three Things

Three things are very much alike: Talent without tact; ability without knowledge, and a sharp axe with a broken handle.

\* \* \*

THE FINEST EDUCATION.—That which will make us wise unto salvation.

TRUE RICHES.—Things that will endure throughout all eternity.

THE BEST ECONOMY.—Making the best of everything that God sends us from day to day, and not trying to hoard today's blessings for future use, as though we could not trust our heavenly Father to care for the things of tomorrow.

### Trust

It is an easy matter for "well-to-do" Christians, who have a snug bank account and a fixed income above their real needs, to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;" but when the bank fails and the income is stopped they may have a chance to learn whether they were sustained by faith in God or whether they have been trusting in "uncertain riches."

\* \* \*

### Trust

Silver dollars that bear the inscription "In God we trust," may be a consolation to us while we can jingle them in our pockets, but it is necessary to have that inscription in our hearts when dollars become conspicuous by their absence.

\* \* \*

### Discouragement

While we are in the path of duty, fully realizing our individual responsibility to God, everything that would discourage us and weaken our faith in God as our guide and support, even though it may come through our nearest and dearest friends, must be met as Christ met Peter's well-meant reproof and admonition to self-pity, knowing that they "savor not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."

### **Life's School**

Life is a school; and if in some departments of this school harder lessons are given than in others, it may be some consolation to remember that lessons are usually assigned according to the standing and ability of the pupil. Surely our all-wise Teacher knows better what lessons we need and are able to learn than we do ourselves. If He expects much of us it is because He has entrusted us with many talents.

\* \* \*

### **Gratitude**

“We help to preach the gospel simply by being grateful. A cheery, sunny child of God, who goes singing through the days, is a living epistle wherein men read the love of God. On the other hand, Christians who whine and complain, look glum and altogether appear as if life were a desert waste, really detract from the power of the Gospel. We do an injustice to God when we worry and grumble.”—Sel.

\* \* \*

### **True Religion**

It is not enough for us to console ourselves with the words, “All things work together for good to them that love the Lord,” but it is our privilege to “know for ourselves that this is the case; and whatever troubles or trials have come upon us, “whether they be of body, mind or estate,” they could not have come upon us unless it

had been the will of God that we should have been so tried, and therefore we are bound to believe that it is good for us to bear every trial until it has accomplished in us, or for us, or for others through us, the object which God had in view in allowing it to come upon us." If we take this view of the matter, what excuse can we offer for murmuring or complaining? And if this is not the proper view of God's dealings with us, how much of our religion is really worth having, or in what respect are we better off than those who are "without God in this present world?"

\* \* \*

### Preaching

The preachers alone who truly bless the world are preachers of hope. Our mission must be to carry to men, not grief and tidings of ill, but joy and good news. One who has only questions and doubts to give has no right in the Christian pulpit.  
—J. R. Miller.

---

### God Understands

Dearest friends sometimes misjudge us,  
Sometimes fail to help afford  
Just when all my heart is longing  
For a helpful, cheering word.  
But there's One who never, never  
Fails to meet my heart's demands,

Though its needs be all unspoken.—  
 Jesus knows and understands.

—Carrie Hayward.

\* \* \*

### Good Thoughts

It is better to meditate on the goodness of God than to brood over the badness of men.

\* \* \*

### Murmuring

If we "in everything give thanks," what will there be left about which to murmur or complain?

\* \* \*

### Resignation

There can be no real happiness for the Christian who stops short of a complete resignation to what he knows to be the will of God concerning himself.

\* \* \*

### Sectarianism

To speak of others as "so-called Christians" because they do not "follow with us," or belong to our religious society or denomination, shows a narrow, Pharisaical spirit, altogether foreign to the teachings and example of Christ.

\* \* \*

### Sectarianism

If we closely follow the teachings of the Bible in the spirit of the Gospel, we will have no disposition to engage in controversy with others in regard to certain modes, forms, or customs concern-

ing which we have no direct command in the Bible.

\* \* \*

### Love

Christian love is not manufactured by the machinery of formal obedience to law. True obedience to the will of God is the production of the love of God which is shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Ghost. Jesus says, "He that loveth me keepeth my words."

\* \* \*

### Separation

"No man can serve two masters." A genuine separation from the world is only the legitimate result of a real spiritual connection with Christ. To expect a heart separation from the world while there is no vital union with Christ would be as illogical as to look for grapes on a branch that has no connection with the vine.

\* \* \*

### Endurance

Peace with God means war against Satan, the enemy of God. The Bible does not picture the Christian as a tender hot-house plant, simply blooming here in the sunlight of God's smiles for a season, and then to be carried to heaven on "flowery beds of ease," but rather as a good soldier who endures hardness, sacrificing his own ease and comfort for the good of others, ever ready and fully equipped, with the whole armor of God, to



carry on an aggressive warfare against the powers of evil under the leadership of the Captain of his salvation.

---

### Heart Religion

As from the seed the plant doth grow,  
 And from the fount the brooklet flow,  
 So from the power of Christ within  
 A holy life alone can spring.  
 Then seek not in mere outward things  
 The blessing which religion brings.—  
 Religion of the heart  
 Must life and peace impart;  
 All "moral works" are dead without  
 Religion of the heart.

\* \* \*

### Heart-fruit

Do I hear some one say, "So you think, 'If the heart is right all is right?'" Rather say, If the heart is wrong all is wrong, and unless the heart becomes right in the sight of God, everything will remain wrong; yea, even all your boasted righteousness will be as filthy rags before Him. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

\* \* \*

### Sectarianism

No one should be a member of our church society who does not believe that her doctrines are

founded on the Bible, but it would be a mistake to say that the Bible is founded on the doctrines of our church society or denomination!

\* \* \*

### True Faith

Paul felt more concern about getting people to have faith in Christ and confessing Him before the world than he did about getting them to subscribe to any particular confession of faith. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

\* \* \*

### Positive Religion

The Christian religion is not a negative, no-harm religion; it is a positive, doing-good religion. Hence in determining our course and conduct in life, it is not enough to ask, Is there any harm in this or that? But the real question is, Will it do any good? Jesus went about doing good.

\* \* \*

### Finding by loving

"He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." "Giving is living." "It is better to give than to receive." To receive and fail to give brings stagnation and death, even as the Dead Sea which receives the waters of the river Jordan but having no outlet has become a poisonous pool devoid of animal and vegetable life.

### True Foundation

“Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ.” When Christians learn to look more to Christ as the real basis of union in His Church, and less to minor things concerning which Paul would say, “Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind,” there will be less starving on the husks of religion and more growth in spiritual life, and better work done for the advancement of His cause and kingdom.

---

### Wheat and Chaff

The rough and cruel winds that drive  
 The light and empty chaff away  
 Reveal and cleanse the solid wheat  
 With worth and weight enough to stay.

\* \* \*

### Trials

The most useful Christians are those who have humbly and submissively passed through the greatest trials.

\* \* \*

### Faith

It is impossible to render faithful service unto the Lord without a firm and abiding faith in Him whom we would serve.

### **Fruit Bearing**

We should never indulge in a self-satisfied feeling because we bear some "fruit." The Master of the vineyard wants us to bear "much fruit."

\* \* \*

### **Obedience**

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." We can render real obedience to the revealed will of God only so far as His will has become our will through the transforming power of love.

\* \* \*

### **Branches**

Christ being the vine, without a Spiritual connection with Him we are but as dead branches in the sight of God, no matter what our standing may be in the visible church.

\* \* \*

### **Supreme Love**

To be "prone to wander from the Lord we love" (as the old hymn expresses it) shows that we do not love God "with all our heart, mind, soul and strength," as we are always drawn towards that which we love, or has for us the greatest attraction.

\* \* \*

### **Pruning**

The trials of life being "God's pruning knife," it is a comfort to know that the Hand that holds the pruning knife knows best how to use it. Without submission to the pruning process there can be no fruit-bearing.

### Persecution

Instead of murmuring or giving way to discouragement because of their trials as followers of Christ, the disciples rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for His sake.

\* \* \*

### Shadows

If it were not for the light there could be no shadow; and the reason some people see only the shadow is because they have turned their backs to the Light. Many also walk in darkness because they wilfully close their eyes to the light.

\* \* \*

### Adaptability

“God is the same yesterday, today and forever;” but He does not for that reason restrict himself to the same method for accomplishing His work; and instead of requiring laborers in His vineyard to use the same tools in harvest time that they used in seed-time, He no doubt expects them to act as intelligent beings under ever-changing seasons and conditions.

---

### Life's Calendar

All things of Earth must die;  
And hoary Time decay;  
But Love, immortal Love,  
Can never pass away.

When Time shall be no more,  
 No more will days and years  
 Be written on a blotted page  
 As cause for smiles or tears.

Pure thoughts and noble deeds,  
 Of Faith and Hope and Love,  
 May then appear instead of dates  
 In life's great Book above.

\* \* \*

### Love

Real Christian fellowship is made possible only by true Christian love.

\* \* \*

### Spires

High church spires are no indication of lofty aspirations.

\* \* \*

### Roses and Thorns

"We sometimes complain that roses have thorns, when we ought be thankful that thorns have roses."—Northfield Prize Thoughts.

\* \* \*

### Gifts

God's best gifts are for the use of those who are willing to use them for the good of others.

\* \* \*

### Facts and Truth

When we have found a little pebble of fact we should not imagine that we have discovered the whole mountain of truth.

### Prejudice

Most men are inclined to decide disputed questions, not according to their real merits, but according to their own self-interests and prejudices.

\* \* \*

### Faith

To be like Peter, "without silver or gold," is better than to be without that faith which enabled Peter to give "such as he had."

\* \* \*

### Scorn

"And they laughed him to scorn." To laugh others to scorn does not prove that they are wrong or that we are right; neither does such laughter prepare our respiratory organs for the enjoyment of that holy atmosphere "beyond the starry skies."

\* \* \*

### God's Image

Man created in the divine image, with capabilities of communicating with his Creator, cannot honor and glorify God as long as he is satisfied to remain "a miserable worm of the dust."

\* \* \*

### Faith

It is better to have all our plans defeated knowing that "all things work together" for our good than to see our efforts crowned with success and yet have no faith in the overruling power of God for the good of His people.

### God's Purpose

Experiences that train our souls for God's kingdom may count for more in His sight than the failures or successes of the "great and good causes" for the sake of which we undergo the experiences. The Lord may care more for the effect that our work has on us than He does for the effect of our efforts on the work.

---

### Faith

Have faith in the Lord  
 And trust in His Word:  
 All good things come from above.  
 Then live for the right,  
 And walk in the light  
 Of God's unchangeable love.

\* \* \*

### Leadership

No one can be a Spirit-led child of God as long as he wants to assume the leadership.

\* \* \*

### Controversy

Spirited religious controversies retard spiritual growth, and the silent influence of a godly life is more convincing than the most learned argument.

\* \* \*

### Devotion

Those who live for Christ in their everyday life, whatever their lot in life may be, are prepared



to die for Him in the hour of death, even though the stake should be their lot.

\* \* \*

### Thoughts

“For my thoughts are not your thoughts, saith the Lord.” No one can rise higher than his own thoughts; and to harbor an evil thought with pleasure or satisfaction is to place one’s self on a level with that thought.

\* \* \*

### Charity

Since salvation is an individual matter, I have no right to judge the weakest brother or sister in anything which the Word of God leaves to the individual conscience. “So then every one must give account of **himself** to God.”

\* \* \*

### Service

“Education counts, and intellectual acuteness is of value, but the Christ-like spirit, coming “not to be ministered unto but to minister,” will always find a place where it can display itself in deeds that make life noble and great.”—**Youths’ Companion.**

\* \* \*

### Warnings

If we were not in danger of going astray it would not have been necessary for God to provide us with a “Guide Book” to point out the right way; and if it were not possible for us to do

wrong there would be no virtue in doing right, and we could never hear the Master's "Well done."

\* \* \*

### **Spiritual Discernment**

Soul problems cannot be solved by the finest mathematician, and the "constituent elements" of a life that is "hid with Christ in God" are beyond the sphere of intellect. Hence the "wise and prudent," in matters that pertain to this life only, have no advantage over "babes and sucklings" in the discernment of spiritual things.

\* \* \*

### **Law of Nature**

"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." In the National Museum in Washington, D. C., may be seen what appear to be the finest specimens of fruit our Country produces, and it is hard to realize that such lovely apples, pears, peaches, etc., are only "painted wax works." Being only representations of fruit, these apparently perfect specimens can never answer the purpose or take the place of the genuine article. To fasten such imitations on a tree would not make the tree "good" or "fruitful;" neither can compulsory measures be used to make the disciples of Jesus "bear fruit," since genuine fruit is always the spontaneous outgrowth of life within; it can never be manufactured to order after a certain pattern, but comes forth in obedience to that law of creation which has decreed

that every tree shall yield "fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself," or which contains within itself a living principle or germ calculated to reproduce itself.

---

### Seedtime and Harvest

Prepare the soil, then plant or sow  
 And weed and prune that crops may grow.  
 With faith in God, rejoice and live;—  
 The harvest He alone can give.  
 Of us God faithful work demands,  
 But holds results in His own hands.

\* \* \*

### Our Mission

The only way to find our "mission" is to follow in the path of submission.

\* \* \*

### Our Example

"In His Steps, What would Jesus do?" We can do as Jesus would do only so far as we are as He was while here in the flesh.

\* \* \*

### Rewards

As talents are given to every one "according to his several ability" to use the same, so the good and faithful will no doubt be rewarded according to their capacity to enjoy the reward.

### Our Influence

If the influence of our lives on those around us is such as to make it harder for them to live as Christians, we are working for the enemy of the souls of men.

\* \* \*

### Workers

To be a Christian worker, one must work in harmony with Him; which means to be a "co-worker with God." Nothing can be done in His name that is not done according to His will, by His authority, and through the co-operation of His Spirit.

\* \* \*

### Work

Whenever so-called "Church work" is not done in His name, but rather in the name and the interest of the workers, the Master will no doubt say of the workers, "Verily they have their reward."

\* \* \*

### Reward

We will not be rewarded according to the amount of work that we have done, but according to our faithfulness in doing the little that we are able to do with the talents entrusted to our care, and the opportunities placed before us. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

### Work

The Christian's work in this world is to turn the world "right-side up," with its face towards God, hence perverted humanity naturally accuses the faithful worker of turning the world "upside down."

\* \* \*

### Reward

Christ, the greatest Worker always works with those who work for Him; hence all work that is really done for Him (in His name), though it be but the giving of a cup of cold water, is great work and will receive a great reward.

..

\* \* \*

### Reward

The man who saw himself as the "chief of sinners," became the chief apostle. Great things are accomplished by those who profit by great mistakes, and the greatest happiness comes to those who have passed through great tribulation.

\* \* \*

### Talent

True greatness consists not so much in the accomplishment of extraordinary deeds by reason of exceptional gifts or unusual talents, as it does in unswerving faithfulness in the ordinary everyday duties of life, made possible by the proper use and development of ordinary gifts and talents.

### Not of Ourselves

If man could earn salvation by good works, no Savior would be needed. We can "work out" or give expression to our salvation only after we are the saved children of God and have the Spirit of Christ within us to prompt us to good works, and enable us to "let" (not make) "our light so shine that men may see our good works and glorify" (not us but) "our Father which is in heaven."

\* \* \*

### Fidelity

If every preacher of the Gospel could truthfully say with Paul, "We preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord," and every religious paper were published only as an exponent of Gospel Truth; in short, if Christian people in every position in life, were divested of the self-seeking spirit, and all work together harmoniously, with an eye single to the glory of God, the evangelization of the world in the present generation would no doubt become an accomplished fact.

\* \* \*

### Spiritual and Secular

Duty to God and duty to man can not be considered separate and apart from each other; neither can we draw a clear and sharp dividing line between spiritual work and secular work, since everything we do is to be done "to the honor and glory of God." We can not serve God and ignore the claims of our fellow men. When the

final reward for service is given, the Judge has no special reward promised for service done directly to Him, but His words are, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

\* \* \*

### **For or Against**

There is One who is called the Savior because His work is to save, and there is one who is called the destroyer because his work is to destroy. All mankind may be divided into two classes: Co-workers with God,—working with the Savior to save; or co-workers with Satan—working with the destroyer to destroy. The Savior says "He that is not with me is against me."

\* \* \*

### **Good and Evil**

"Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good." It is necessary sometimes to look at that which is evil, and see its hideousness, in order that we may "abhor" it; it is just as necessary to look at that which is good and see its beauty and loveliness before we can have a desire to "cleave to that which is good." The teacher who can awaken an ardent desire for that which is good and pure, so that his pupils want to turn away from evil and do that which is good, will accomplish more than the one who continually directs attention to evil things and expects his pupils to be kept from evil by a strong fence of

“don’ts” and “must nots” while they are not attracted towards that which is good.

\* \* \*

### Joy or Sorrow

Those who truly accept Christ can do so gladly while those who reject Him must go away sorrowfully.

\* \* \*

### Joy

It is a great mistake to expect “a real good time” in this life without coming to the real Source of all good.

\* \* \*

### Parental Respect

Disrespect to parents and reverence towards God cannot be found in the same person.

\* \* \*

### Respect

Respect should always be shown to the aged, which implies that the aged should always show themselves worthy of respect.

\* \* \*

### Humility

Where there is a desire manifested to pose before the world as a plain and humble people the genuineness of these desirable qualities may well be called into question.

\* \* \*

### Man’s Chief End

Since the chief end of man is to “glorify God



and enjoy Him forever," to miss the end and purpose of our creation and make a miserable failure of life, one need only to live for self-glorification and to "enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

\* \* \*

### **Law**

If we want to measure our goodness by comparing ourselves with lawbreakers and criminals, and say "We want only what the law allows, no more and no less," we have not yet learned the first principle of the greatest commandment in God's law.

\* \* \*

### **Morality**

Morality cannot make any one a Christian, but Christianity alone can produce the highest form of morality,—doing right not simply because the law demands it, but because right is right, and because the Spirit of Christ moves its possessor in the right direction.

\* \* \*

### **Unity**

"Be of the same mind." Brother, it is impossible that you and I should see everything in the same light, and have the same convictions on all subjects. Nevertheless we can "be of one mind," not only in regard to the underlying principles of religion, but in this, that we sympathize with each other's peculiar religious convictions. If I believe that you are perfectly honest and sin-

cere, and you believe the same of me, we can cultivate a sympathetic and charitable feeling towards each other, even while each tries to instruct and enlighten the other; and then instead of trying to "hit" and "down" each other, we can unite our fighting forces against the common enemy, the devil, and direct all our hard knocks against him.

\* \* \*

### Rules

Some school teachers have a long list of "Don't" rules which their pupils must obey if they would escape punishment. The teacher who gained my highest respect and fullest confidence when I was a boy placed only one rule on the blackboard, namely:

### DO RIGHT

To inspire with the proper incentive and desire for right-doing is the gospel way for preventing wrong-doing.

\* \* \*

### Legality

To the law-restricted Jews, Jesus said, "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" People who think they have a right to do anything that is not forbidden in the written law have not yet learned to use their own judgment, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, who is sent to guide us into all truth. Such are still under the old

covenant, not having God's law (will) implanted or written in their hearts and minds.

\* \* \*

### First Things

To be loyal to the Church we must first and always be loyal to the Head of the Church. True loyalty to principles means more than a passive obedience to certain prescribed rules of conduct, even though such rules may be based on those principles. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Why first? Because that is the most necessary thing to do. Everything else is secondary and can be considered only in its relation to the first things. Besides attending to that which is of the highest importance prepares one for all other minor duties. Do first things first; secondary matters follow as a matter of course where the most important things are properly attended to; but if secondary matters have our first or closest attention, we will be quite sure to miss or neglect the most important things.

\* \* \*

### Preparation

"Prepare to meet thy God." Any "preparedness" that does not take God and His will into consideration is not worthy of the name. Only when we are prepared to meet our God in peace can we be prepared to meet the events and circumstances of life.

### Non-Resistance

What is known as the "non-resistant" doctrine is not founded on "sickly sentimentalism," nor even on certain texts found here and there in the New Testament, but on the very life and spirit of the Christian religion, and on the fact that God has pledged Himself to see that justice is done to His people. Hence the Christian is out of his sphere when he undertakes to render evil for evil, or execute judgment on his enemies by giving them what they deserve: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

\* \* \*

### Forgetting God

A noted general who had ample opportunity to learn the nature of war, said, "War is hell." The Bible says all the nations that forget God shall be "turned into hell." It also says, "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." When a nation forgets God and worships the golden image of its own wealth and military power, trusting in the strength of its army and navy rather than in God who holds the destiny of nations in His hands, such a nation will surely be given an opportunity to test the saving power of that which it has set up in place of the true God.

## THE LORD'S INSURANCE POLICY

**Conditions:**

"Trust in the Lord and  
do good

"Seek first the king-  
dom of God and His  
righteousness

**Benefits:**

So shalt thou dwell in  
the land and verily  
thou shalt be fed.—  
Psalm 37:3.

And all these things"  
(the necessaries of  
life) shall be added  
unto you.—Matt. 6:  
33.

**What more does the Christian want?**



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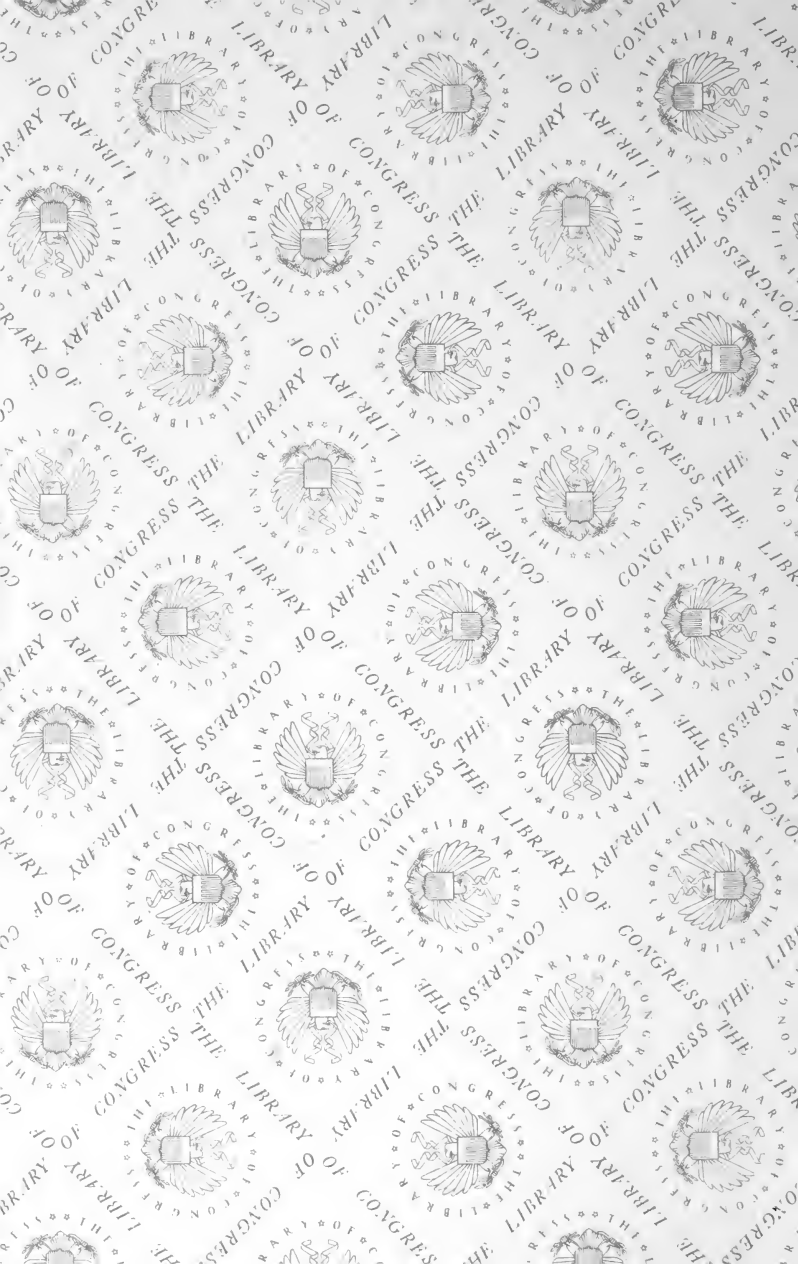
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